VOLUME 2 NO. 2 MAY/JUNE 1977

MARQUEE

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VOLUME 2 NO. 2 MAY/JUNE 1977

MARQUEE

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"In sea water more than a few feet deep, blood is green. Water filters the light from above, seeming to consume the colors of the spectrum shade by shade. Red is the first to succumb, to disappear. Green lasts longer. But then, below 100 feet, green, too, fades away, leaving blue. In the twilight depths, 180—200 feet, and beyond—blood looks black."

PETER BENCHLEY
"The Deep"

THE DEEP

by Wilder Penfield III

The Deep isn't.

As a book it has all the literary challenge of the Hardy Boys. But it never was a *real* book. It was a *Peter Benchley* book, a fetal movie – the successor to **Jaws.**

As such it was worth half a million dollars to Benchley, plus a healthy percentage of the movie profits for helping to write the script.

The man who bought it was Peter Guber, formerly Executive Vice President of Worldwide Productions for Columbia Pictures, now, at 33, a producer with $8.5 million of other people's money invested in his first film.

"Benchley," he reported, "was ruthless with his own book. He understood you can't have endless talk scenes about the merits of treasure in a film." (Treasure talk scenes in the book include lines like . . . "[Gold] buggered up the Indians, buggered up the Spaniards, and it looks like it's going to keep buggering up people till the end of time." Ruthlessness here looks rather like self-respect.)

Benchley's blue pencil was not enough. His screenplay credit is shared

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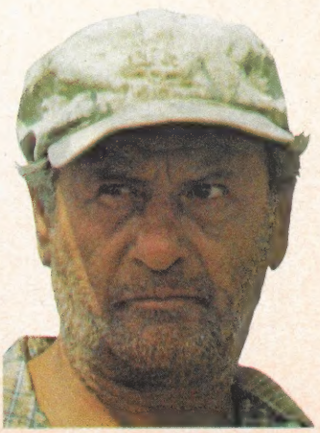

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with Tracy Keenan Wynn, and even after the latter got through, Tom Mankiewicz spent more than a week just tightening up the dialogue.

The theme of the book (and only people who read sermons in stones could find one) might be the meaning of manliness. Translated literally onto film, it would have made **Deliverance** look like a Bergman flick. As literature, **The Deep** is decidedly shallow.

It does, though, have all the elements of a crowd-pleasing movie. There is sunken treasure (fabulous) mixed in with explosives (dangerous) and millions in drugs (evil), and it's all guarded by sharp coral, poisonous eels, bloodthirsty sharks (aha!), crazed divers with spearguns, and a ruthless villain named Cloche who plays on the superstitions of simple native people.

On the side of the gods are, of course, the good guys. You can recognize them by their good looks (genetic normalcy plus right living).

Blonde Nick Nolte, Tom in TV's *Rich Man, Poor Man*, makes his film-star debut as David Sanders, Ordinary Hero.

That magnificent mermaiden, Jacqueline Bisset, is Gail, his leading lady.

Eli Wallach helps them out in the role of the only survivor of a shipwreck 34 years earlier. (His 34-years-younger self is played by his son, Peter Wallach.)

And then there is Robert Shaw, the highest-paid performer in the cast. ($650,000 plus a percentage is more than triple what Bisset or Nolte made even without the inducement of a percentage. However, the filmmakers probably got *his* son, Colin Shaw, 14, for scale.)

No chameleon he, Shaw is a star whose roles have been formed in his own image ever since the success of **From Russia With Love** was forgotten in the supersuccesses of **The Sting** and **Jaws** and now **Black Sunday**.

In **The Deep** he plays Treece, a Bermudian whose thick skin swiftly proves to be only skin deep – a native who utters native wisdom with the pithy omniscience of medicine men in old westerns.

With box-office magnets like these, all the filmmakers had to do to the book was to fatten the plot with events and flesh out the characters with characteristics.

And they did so. But they also did much, much more. On the thread of the story they hung some of the most vivid underwater footage ever exposed to a mass audience.

"Audiences, whether they like the results or not, won't be able to complain about tricks," producer Guber has boasted. "We're not faking it; this is the real thing. I insisted from the beginning that the nature of this picture was in the reality of its experience."

Forty per cent of the action in the film takes place under water – not at the bottom of a swimming pool but in a million-dollar tank with a million gallons of salt water stocked with a thousand salt-water fish: the largest underwater set ever constructed. (Today it is the largest dolphin aquarium ever constructed.)

And this is only to supplement the 'location' footage acquired during months of exploring, acting and photographing down as far as 80 feet beneath the surface of four oceans.

Off the coast of the British Virgin Islands last summer, for example, that meant a unit of 100 men and four women making a total of 1,465 dives to a coral-encrusted wreck. (The Royal Mail Ship *Rhone* sank there in a hurricane in 1867, taking 125 of her total crew of 135 with her.)

Uniquely flexible cameras were developed especially for these scenes – and so precise are they that the actors apparently had to be asked sometimes to bubble more or stir up the silt a bit so moviegoers wouldn't forget they were on the ocean floor.

The Virgin Islands shooting was the first test for these cameras. It was also the first time the director (Peter Yates of **Bullitt** fame), the director of photography (Christopher Challis, 40 years a camerman), most of the crew and all of the stars had ever done any diving.

"I knew that I had to get one star under the water," Guber told the New York Times. "The ego and pride of the other two would not allow them to think that they couldn't do it. It's been awesome to see these actors who have never dived before slip into their wet suits, air tanks, snorkels and flippers and go down – and *stay* down – there. Of course, there have been mishaps. The first week Nick Nolte was learning to dive, he ran out of air and had to make a rapid 80-foot ascent to the surface, and that's not easy. If you become frightened and do the wrong thing, you can easily suffer an embolism – an air bubble in your heart or brain – and die."

Professional divers were always on hand to help out if needed, but it took a while to build up the kind of expertise an actor needs if he is going to forget about the technology of things like air supply and learn – all over again! – how to act.

"The real challenge is to try to create a presence underwater, create your character in another world," Nick Nolte said. "That's never been tested before. I'm not only surviving underwater, I'm acting underwater, taking total advantage of a new environment."

The land scenes were all shot on the land of Bermuda – which will do grand things for the tourist business on that little string of islands.

But it is the world beneath the sea – the world of dead ships and dead men and of life that never leaves the gloom – that will make people remember **The Deep**.

Wilder Penfield III is the music critic for the Toronto Sun.

THE DEEP

PSSST!... Anybody got a match?

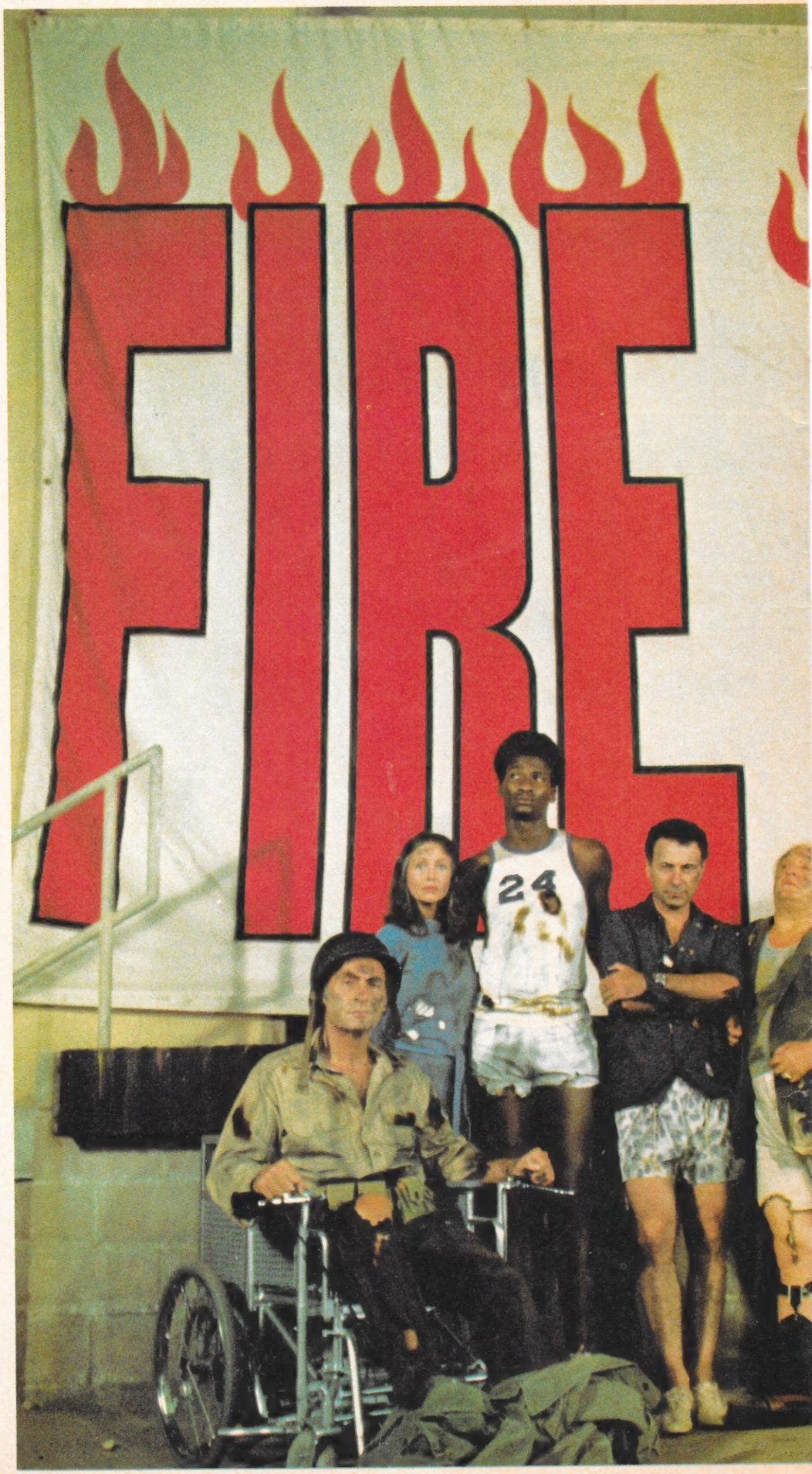
Alan Arkin returns to the serious business of making people laugh

by Lyle Slack

"I like directing better than acting. I get too torn up by the parts I play. When I was Rodriquez, the Puerto Rican widower bringing up two kids in ***Popi****, I had even begun thinking in a Puerto Rican accent by the time I started the film. I don't really like that any more – that process of being absorbed into other people's lives. Directing is an entirely different thing. It is more objective, in the service of something outside yourself, and it's wonderfully challenging."*

Alan Arkin is baring his soul. It is an unusually sober thing to be doing when you are the man whom some consider America's finest comic. But it also seems at the heart of what Alan Arkin's life is all about these days, after twenty years of acting – mostly to make people laugh, (though he scared a good number along with Audrey Hepburn as the psychotic killer in **Wait Until Dark.**)

Marvin Worth, one of Hollywood's more adventurous producers, keyed in on Arkin's sense of withdrawal when



he asked him to direct a new movie, **Fire Sale.**

"Alan is not only adept at comedy," Worth said, "but he is also adept at creating reality. And despite the fact that **Fire Sale** is an outrageous comedy, we didn't want to lose the reality of the situation. Arkin's an actor and director who understands truth as opposed to shtick."

Worth apparently knew his man. Arkin read the script (by Robert Klane, who also penned **Where's Poppa?**) and agreed to both direct and star in the picture.

"Being funny is a serious business," Arkin said. "You're only as good as the decibel level of the last laugh you provoked. That's why comedians are such serious people. Have you ever been to a party with a bunch of comedians? It's really dead. No one cracks jokes, except for Milton Berle."

Outrageous and real.

You think about Paddy Chayefsky's comedies – **Hospital** and now **Network.** About the humor, say, of Lily Tomlin – her sexually repressed telephone operator, Ernestine; her curious and precocious 5-year-old, Edith Ann. You think of the new wave of contemporary comedy and you realize how true it is. The best, the funniest, are the things which belie reality.

There is a Freudian conflict, for example, in **Fire Sale.** Arkin is Ezra Fikus, a middle-aged high school basketball coach with the lugubrious record of two wins and 137 losses. His wife wants a baby but he can't seem to provide the necessary stimulus.

Ezra has a younger brother, Russell, played by TV's redoubtable Meathead Stivic, Rob Reiner. Russell is asthmatic, riddled with an inferiority complex and losing his girl friend.

Together, Ezra and Russell are also on the verge of emotional collapse brought on by their entangled and unresolved relationship with their domineering, obstreperous father (Vincent Gardenia), the proprietor of a third-rate department store.

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TRAON

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"It's so totally different from my family life," Arkin observed. "I'm not a stern, domineering father. In fact, I'd venture to say my oldest son, who's almost 20, is my best friend. But I've always had this subconscious horror of my kids growing up and not liking me. I really want them to look on me as a friend. I guess **Fire Sale** is a way of exorcising that nightmare of mine. And I've found the best way of dealing with that sort of fear is through laughter."

Despite father, despite fate and despite any semblance of self-confidence, the brothers set about to prove their manhood, win the females and throw off Freud by saving the family business from bankruptcy. This, it turns out, will involve slightly underhanded, low, crazy and altogether illegal tactics, mainly revolving around a fire insurance policy.

It also entails the services of Sid Caesar, a left-over pyromaniac from World War Two who apparently slept through the armistice and is convinced that only he can save American shores from Hitler's imminent assault.

If all of this sounds a touch serious, anyone familiar with Alan Arkin's protean abilities to turn pain into laughter will not be surprised if **Fire Sale** turns out to be a belly-buster.

He is one of those genuinely overlooked geniuses. Arkin's movies have been relatively popular, but still, a film like **Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins** (on TV a few months ago as *Rafferty and the Highway Hustlers*) – a dusty, low-life movie with hermetic charm and Arkin as a sanguine Marine Corps retiree, wholly lost and trying to fit back into civilian life – can die at the box office. And though critics describe each new Arkin performance with superlatives, the man who director Mike Nichols once called the best actor in America is largely unheralded in his own land.

Part of the reason is Arkin himself. He is simply not enough of a hustler. Born in Brooklyn 43 years ago, he grew up a "compulsive moviegoer," he said, got his first acting job at age 11 playing a boy clothespin who falls in love with a girl clothespin down the line, but staked his career on music and a folk group called 'The Tarriers'.

He dropped out of Bennington College to tour Europe with the folk group, then quit to come back and act in summer stock in New York state's Adirondack resort mountains. He also did some off-Broadway, but it was his improvisational work at Second City in Chicago – the parent group of Toronto's Second City revue – that brought him to the attention of influential people.

The rest is somewhat better known. He was the timorous Russian submarine commander in **The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming**; the meek French workman in **Woman Times Seven**; Yossarian, the weary pilot unable to get himself grounded in **Catch-22**.

The New York Film Critics Award has gone to him twice, for his irreducible performance as the deaf-mute in **The Heart is a Lonely Hunter** and his all but overlooked vignette in **Hearts of the West**, playing a raffish B-movie director.

He lives today in a Greenwich Village brownstone with actress Barbara Dana and three boys, regularly turning down film work because it would take him too far from home for too long. He is such a homebody, in fact, that Parents' Magazine recently ran an interview spread – Arkin with kids on couch, Arkin making breakfast, Arkin on the vicissitudes of fatherhood. He and Barbara have authored four children's books and a new album of children's songs.

When it came time to make **Fire Sale**, the whole family uprooted and moved to California for the eight weeks of shooting. Barbara has a role in the film (as Reiner's girl friend). The boys, two of them aspiring actors, watched from behind the cameras.

There was a fair amount to take in.

Twentieth Century-Fox had rented a vacant clothing store on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles and stocked it with the worst looking merchandise they could find to serve as the Fikus department store. Only, the first day of shooting there were local citizens on the street, waiting to get in. They wanted to buy some of the things they saw in the make-believe display windows.

There was also veteran comedian Sid Caesar, racing around in his motorized wheelchair. In a movie of many chases and comic stunts, Caesar suffered the only mishap, careening around a corner too fast and hitting his foot against the curb.

Not realizing how badly he was hurt, Caesar continued shooting for the rest of the night. It wasn't until he awoke in pain the next day and had his foot X-rayed that he learned he had fractured a bone. As all his remaining scenes required he be confined to a wheelchair, he completed filming right on schedule.

And then there was Rob Reiner. Like Dennis Weaver and Ed Asner, Reiner has ambitions to be more than a single character. He doesn't want to quit being Archie's meathead son-in-law, he just wants to diversify.

That struggle, however, is secondary to a more difficult one which Reiner seems to have nearly put behind him – trying to work in an industry that knew him only as the son of the legendary Carl Reiner.

"It was hard on me living in my father's shadow," he admitted.

"I went through a period when I was alienating people. I was pushing too hard. I wanted to be liked for myself, but I was doing many things to make myself disliked. I looked at people who were hiring me as if they were doing it because of my father, not because of my talent."

Finally things jelled. He met and married Penny Marshall (the Laverne of *Laverne and Shirley*). Got the role of Meathead on *All in the Family*, establishing an identity of his own at last.

"All this happened because I had straightened myself out and achieved a sense of inner security," he volunteered.

Somehow the strains all fit. Arkin with his fear that his son might hate him one day. Reiner with his famous father. Ezra and Russell Fikus trying to sort out filial misery.

Fire Sale, as producer Worth observed, may be funny – but it is also reality.

Lyle Slack is the film critic for the Hamilton Spectator.

Watch the skies.
Over fifteen million Americans, including leaders in science, astronomy, the space program and government have officially reported UFO sightings. Scientists everywhere concede the overwhelming probability of intelligent life somewhere else in the universe.
Hundreds of verified sightings are reported every day from all over the world by reliable observers — and have been for the past thirty years.
This Christmas, millions of people will experience the most beautiful, frightening and significant motion picture adventure of all time.
It will start in an Indiana town and lead to four words which are becoming more and more apparent to all of us every day:
We are not alone.
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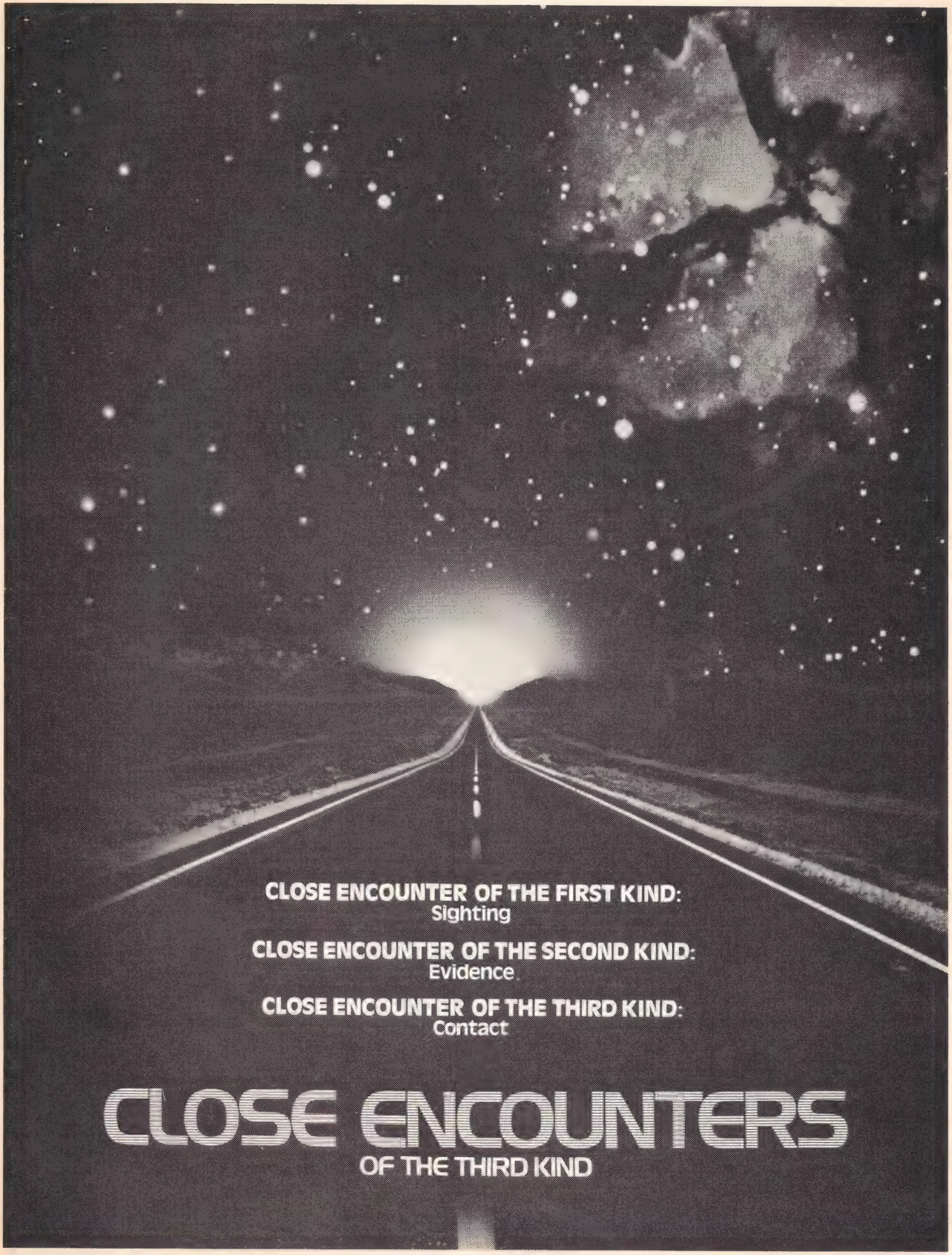
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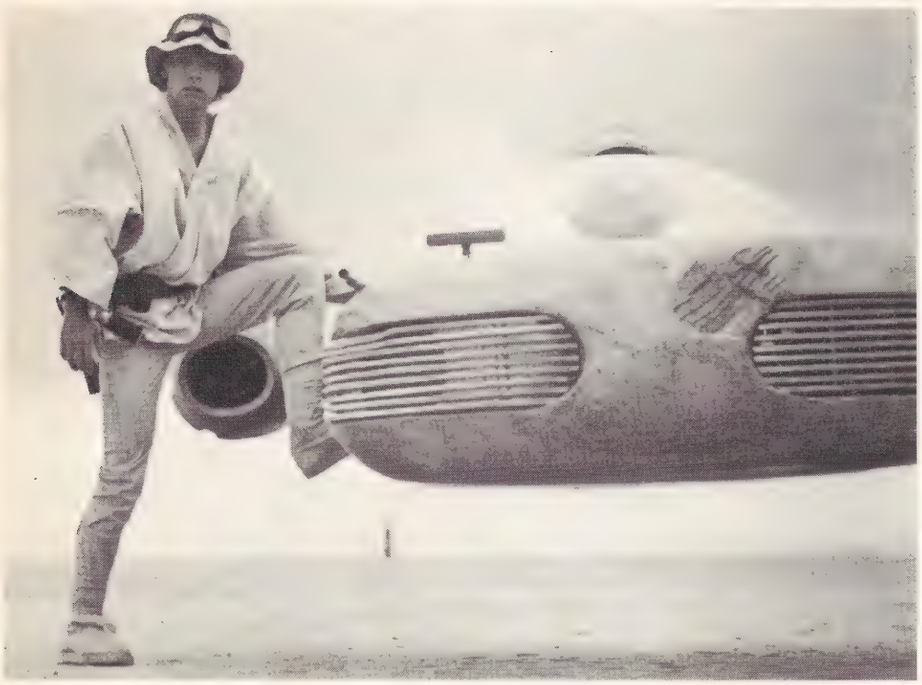


STAR WARS

Starring: Alec Guinness, Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher and Peter Cushing.
Direction: George Lucas.

George (*American Graffiti*) Lucas has come up with a sci-fi epic that promises to be a combination of *2001, Gone With The Wind* and *Swashbuckler.* **Star Wars** is so over budget that no-one's counting any more . . . and a big piece of those millions went on some of the most impressive sets and special effects ever. Add a story of romance, adventure and intergalactic intrigue . . . bolster with the presence of Sir Alec Guinness, stir well and **Star Wars** should run forever.

THE RESCUERS

Voices of: Bob Newhart, Eva Gabour, Geraldine Page, Jim Jordan and Joe Flynn.
Direction: Wolfgang Reithermann.

We may never believe that the International Rescue and Aid Society exists in the basement of the UN building . . . or that it's two ace trouble shooters (who just happen to be mice) rescue a little girl from the clutches of a wicked jewel thief . . . or that their adventure takes them to the bayous of Louisiana and back again . . . no, we may never really believe it, but as long Walt Disney turns out films like this, we'll never really be sure.

MARCH OR DIE

Starring: Gene Hackman, Terence Hill, Catherine Deneuve and Max Von Sydow.
Direction: Dick Richards.

Guess you thought the French Foreign Legion was full of mysterious, laconic men, huh? That their life was one bloody victory after another, with beautiful women providing a little night relief? That North Africa is full of ancient tombs, guarded by local tribes against marauding historians? You did? Well, aren't you the clever one, 'cause that's just what **March or Die** says, and says it superbly well.

PREVIEW

NASTY HABBITS

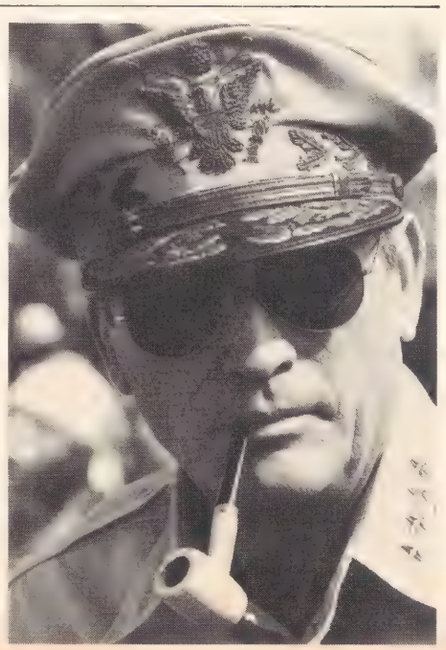
Starring: Glenda Jackson, Melina Mercouri, Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, Anne Jackson, Rip Torn, Eli Wallach and Dame Edith Evans.
Direction: Michael Lindsay-Hogg.

What's this? Super K as a nun? Nixon as an abbess? John Dean as a Jesuit with a penchant for fallen women, particularly when he can help them fall. This funny, funny put-on of the whole Watergate affair takes the plot out of Washington and puts it into a convent. There's a *surplice* of nuns fighting for the top job, and disorder takes over from holy orders. Bugging, blackmail and general skullduggery become a way of life for the sisters.

MacARTHUR

Starring: Gregory Peck, Nicolas Coster, Marj Dusay, Ed Flanders and Dan O'Herlihy.
Direction: Joseph Sargent.

Most of us know what MacArthur *did* – fought the Japanese, the North Koreans and Harry Truman in that order, and never returned from his last battle. But in this biography of an undeniably great man, Gregory Peck gives a stunning performance – already touted for an Academy Award – by showing the man behind the legend, the whole story set against a soldiers' background of war.



THE OTHER SIDE OF MIDNIGHT

Starring: Marie-France Pisier, John Beck, Susan Sarandon and Raf Vallone.
Direction: Charles Jarrott.

A sweeping drama across two continents and four passionately intertwined lives. Paris . . . Washington . . . a peaceful Midwestern campus . . . a fabulous villa in Greece . . . all part of a terrifying web of intrique, passion and treachery. An incredibly beautiful film star, a legendary Greek tycoon, a womanizing international adventurer – use an innocent American girl as a bewildered, horror-stricken pawn in desperate game of vengeance and betrayal, love and lust, life and death.

LIZA sings, BOBBY plays, MARTY directs

Minnelli, Minnelli and DeNiro, DeNiro team up in New York, New York

by George Anthony

HOLLYWOOD – The huge soundstage was filled with hills and valleys of artificial snow and winter-whipped birch trees, the way Central Park used to be.

"Call Liza and Bobby, please."

Diminutive, dynamic director Martin Scorsese was ready to begin shooting one of the longest scenes in the picture, and he wanted to shoot it all in one take. Many versions, many tries would be required, and he was understandably anxious.

"Call it what you will," said producer Irving Winkler. "Just don't call it a musical."

Robert DeNiro walked onto the set, his brooding good looks obscured by the concerned look on his face. He huddled with director Scorsese, nodded thoughtfully, smiled. The brooding good looks returned.

"You should have been here in June," said a publicist from United Artists. "They hadn't seen anything like that out here in *years.*"

'Out here' was sunny Culver City, California, most famous for being the suburb that spawned Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. And it was here at MGM, the studio that gave the world the great movie musicals of modern cinema, that director Scorsese was shooting a $6-million non-musical called **New York, New York.**

Well, not a non-musical either. A love story with music. A girl singer and a saxophone player, riding on the big band beat of post-war America. **The Way We Were,** revisited?

Not exactly. **New York, New York** is filled with songs from the forties – I'm Getting Sentimental Over You, Don't Blame Me Once In A While, You Brought A New Kind Of Love To Me – plus four new songs by **Cabaret** team Fred Ebb and John Kander. One of them is the title song, which is not New York, New York It's A Wonderful Town but

I'll make a brand new start of it
In old New York
If I can make it there
I'd make it anywhere

The big number in **New York, New York,** however, is Happy Endings, and that's what MGM hadn't seen the like of in years. The sequence occupies 11 minutes of screen time and took two weeks of actual shooting (after six weeks of grinding rehearsals.) Happy Endings is a movie-within-a-movie, watched by DeNiro on screen at Radio City Music Hall and performed by Liza Minnelli and Larry Kert. In the number, Liza portrays an usherette who makes it big on Broadway, with scenes switching from a rooftop restaurant vibrating with dancers to a theatre lobby staircase where Liza is flanked by 40 dancing usherettes. Five sound stages at MGM were used to house the seven different sets constructed for the 11-minute extravaganza.

"Her mother did something like it 20 years ago in **A Star Is Born,**" an MGM veteran reminded me. "Remember the Born In The Trunk number? "

Yes. Yes, I remember. And so does Liza. So she has her own Born In A Trunk number now, and she even did it at MGM, the studio where she spent so much of her youth running back and forth from her director-father Vincente Minnelli's sets to her mother Judy Garland's sets. Magic and make-believe, that was MGM. And music. Especially music. By some ironic twist of fate her mother did Born In A Trunk for Warner Bros., not MGM – and Liza has done her Happy Endings for United Artists, who have simply rented MGM soundstages. But somehow it seems closer to home.

The sexy gamin who captured the hearts (*and* minds) of world moviegoers in Cabaret five years ago is 30 now. Her stage and television triumphs have been as well-documented in the international press as her second marriage (to film and TV producer Jack Haley Jr.) and the romantic escapades (most notably with Desi Arnaz Jr. and

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NEW YORK, NEW YORK

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Peter Sellers Sr.) which preceded it. Her fans are legion now, and faithful, but her screen performances of the last two years have disappointed them, and she knows it. **Lucky Lady** was a rudderless ship; **A Matter Of Time** was butchered by second-guessers.

Now she is gambling again, this time on Scorsese, the wiry, intensely visual director who created **Taxi Driver** and **Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore.** She knows the pressure is on her as much as him; she understands the rules of the game. Robert DeNiro has an Oscar for **Godfather II**, a nomination for **Taxi Driver**, one more film in the can (Bernardo Bertolucci's **1900**). DeNiro is an actor; he is allowed to fail. Liza Minelli has an Oscar, a Tony, an Emmy, a Golden Globe and all the other awards – already more, perhaps, than he will win in his lifetime. But Liza Minnelli is not allowed to fail. Liza Minnelli is a *star,* and nowhere was that more evident than on that huge sound-stage at Metro where her mother's old hairdresser, Sidney Guillarof, was constantly by her side. Guillarof had returned to create – well, *re-create* forties hairstyles for her, and it was obviously a labor of love.

"You can see her mind going," he said, nudging me as Liza and DeNiro gave their scripts a final once-over. "Her voice, her face, her body, her feet – look at the way she raises her hand, *there!* – she uses her whole body in *total co-ordination."* he sighed with pleasure; just watching her was enough. "I remember," he said, "when I was a kid in Montreal, a sign on the barbershop wall: GENIUS IS 90 PER CENT PERSPIRATION AND 10 PER CENT INSPIRATION."

Liza sauntered over to us, and ever-gallant Sidney immediately left to fetch her a coffee.

"Sidney is a genius," she said soberly, not knowing we had just been discussing that noun. "Aren't these wigs incredible? We got the styles from stills from old movies. Stole the hairstyles he created for Greer Garson and Crawford and all the rest. And this dress" – she shrugged and it rustled with bugle beads – "weighs a ton." Costume designer Theadora Van Runkle created 50 changes for Liza and another 30 outfits for DeNiro – "she's even *hand-painted* some of Bobby's shirts! " said Liza with unabashed admiration – and Mary Kay Place of Mary Hartman fame (she plays Loretta on that nightly soap opera spoof) also plays a singer in the picture, complete with Betty Grable

pompador curls.

"There is so much detail to be attended to" added Liza pensively. "This is not an easy picture to make. But it's going very, very well." An assistant director gently fastened a battery-pack to the back of her gown, to power the tiny microphone hidden in her bodice. "Well here we go."

Liza and DeNiro took their places in the artificial snow, and Scorsese called for quiet. The cameras rolled, stopped, rolled again. Scorsese wasn't satisfied. New lighting was implemented, and technicians scurried around making adjustments.

DeNiro went into another huddle with Scorsese, who seemed to be his guru as well as his director, and Liza settled back in her canvas chair and lit a cigarette.

"Liza's the only one allowed to smoke on the set," one of the crew members confided. "Marty has asthma. Very bad. So none of us can smoke. Except Liza, of course." Liza exhaled languidly and thumbed through the well-worn pages of the script. Someone from the front office brought her a message from her husband; would she be meeting him at so-and-so's house for dinner later? Liza glanced at her dainty forties wristwatch, saw that it was already three o'clock and shook her head. "Tell him I'll get there when I can."

"I think he just wanted some idea of the time," said the message-bearer. "Seven? Eight? "

"Just tell him I'll join him as soon as I can," Liza replied, politely but firmly. The message-bearer made a reluctant exit.

Scorsese conferred with Liza and DeNiro again. "There are too many people on the set," he muttered, nodding in complete agreement with himself. The set was cleared of all visitors and on-lookers.

"It's been like a parade in here, ever since we started shooting," Sidney confided. "So far we've had little visits from Bertolucci, Jack Nicholson, Claude Lelouche, Milos Foreman . . . did Liza tell you she did a scene with her father-in-law? " With Jack Haley Sr., the original Tin Man of her mother's days as Dorothy in Oz? "Yes, yes, one and the same," said Sidney, chuckling. "Charming scene, too. Jack Sr. does a cameo role."

He walked me to the door of the soundstage. "Too bad you weren't here in June. Those production numbers were exceptional. And this Scorsese is very unusual, you know. He had Liza do the number four times, for all the different angles, and then he had her go through the whole thing once more while he kept the camera on DeNiro the whole time, getting every reaction. Very resourceful. Shoots a

lot of film, of course. A great deal. And he can't be rushed. But look at the films he makes – who wants to rush him? "

Scorsese was scheduled to do some outdoor shooting at the Burbank Studios the following night. I showed up around 11 pm, and they had already been at work for three hours. Liza was wearing a black suit with another forties wig and forward-tilt spectator pumps; DeNiro was in one of designer Van Runkle's hand-painted shirts. The set was Warner Bros. New York street – "This street works more than most actors," quipped Liza with a rueful smile – and Liza and DeNiro were doing a scene in a taxi, aided and abetted by a rain machine that hung overhead.

I saw Guillarof standing just off camera, holding an umbrella, instantly available for touch-ups. He smiled and waved. "Lucky you left yesterday when you did," he told me, chipper as ever. "We didn't get the first shot 'til 7 pm, and then they had to do it again and again until Scorsese was satisfied. It must have been close to 5 am when we broke this morning."

Scorsese bundled his raincoat more snugly around his neck. The street was getting damp from all the water and he didn't want any problems with his asthma. Some crew members were happily puffing on cigarettes, free from the restrictions of the sound stage. Liza and DeNiro were rehearsing the scene again when the rain machine started.

"Hey," said Scorsese, "who ordered rain before we were ready? " Technical adjustments were made, and Theadora Van Runkle joined the cigarette smokers. Liza and DeNiro did a run-through of their love scene in the rain and nuzzled each other, and Liza ended up with blue streaks on her cheek.

"Make-up! " yelled Scorsese. "Say, what the hell *is* that? "

Designer Van Runkle clutched my arm in despair. "Oh my God," she moaned. "It's right off Bobby's shirt." I followed her horrified gaze to Liza's face, where a make-up man was camouflaging the blue streaks, to DeNiro's hand-painted *blue* sports shirt. "It's the rain, dammit," groaned Theadora. "His shirt is running in the rain! "

She scurried over to Scorsese with an apology and an explanation. He laughed. "Let's try it with another shirt," he said. She produced one instantly, and they started to shoot the scene. Liza nuzzled DeNiro, got out of the cab in the rain and started to close the door behind her. DeNiro reached out from the back seat and grabbed her arm, pulling her back in. "Hold it, hold it! " said Scorsese. "Liza, what's that yellow stuff on your arm? "

Liza checked the sleeve of her black suit. "It looks like paint," she said. "From the cab."

Scorsese sighed. "Was this cab painted today? Wasn't this done earlier? " He frowned. "Never mind, never mind, let's get the paint off her sleeve. Liza, it's really very simple. Just do the scene as we rehearsed it, except when you cuddle with Bobby in the back seat don't touch his shirt and when you get out of the cab don't touch the door."

"Oh sure," said Liza, tongue-in-cheek, and they both laughed. A lunch break was called shortly after midnight, and she and Scorsese and DeNiro went off to a late-hours Chinese restaurant to continue their constant conferences. Liza was back in her trailer at 1:30 am, and Sidney was there too, fixing her hair. They were comparing notes on Ingrid Bergman, whom they both adored. "Sidney did Bergman's hair in a lot of her pictures," Liza told me. "Even **Intermezzo** – right? " Sidney smiled and continued working on the wig. "See, Sidney? I know your credits better than you do! " she added, beaming at him.

"There," he said, with a final flick of his comb. "All done." He scrutinized her in the mirror. "Let me check with Angie to see if she brought any Number Five," he murmured, almost to himself, and left us for a few minutes.

"Isn't he *incredible?* " said Liza, staring at her own reflection. "I'm so afraid of *losing* him! Because he doesn't have to do this anymore. He's doing it as a special favor as it is. And the hours on this picture are awfully rough.

"Last night – I mean this morning, come to think of it – I thought he was going to quit. We did that scene again and again, and finally at 4 am this morning Sidney yelled at Marty, 'That's GREAT! It CAN'T BE BETTER! But Marty always wants it better. He's the best I've ever worked with."

Better than her **Cabaret** mentor Bob Fosse? Even better than her father Vincente Minnelli?

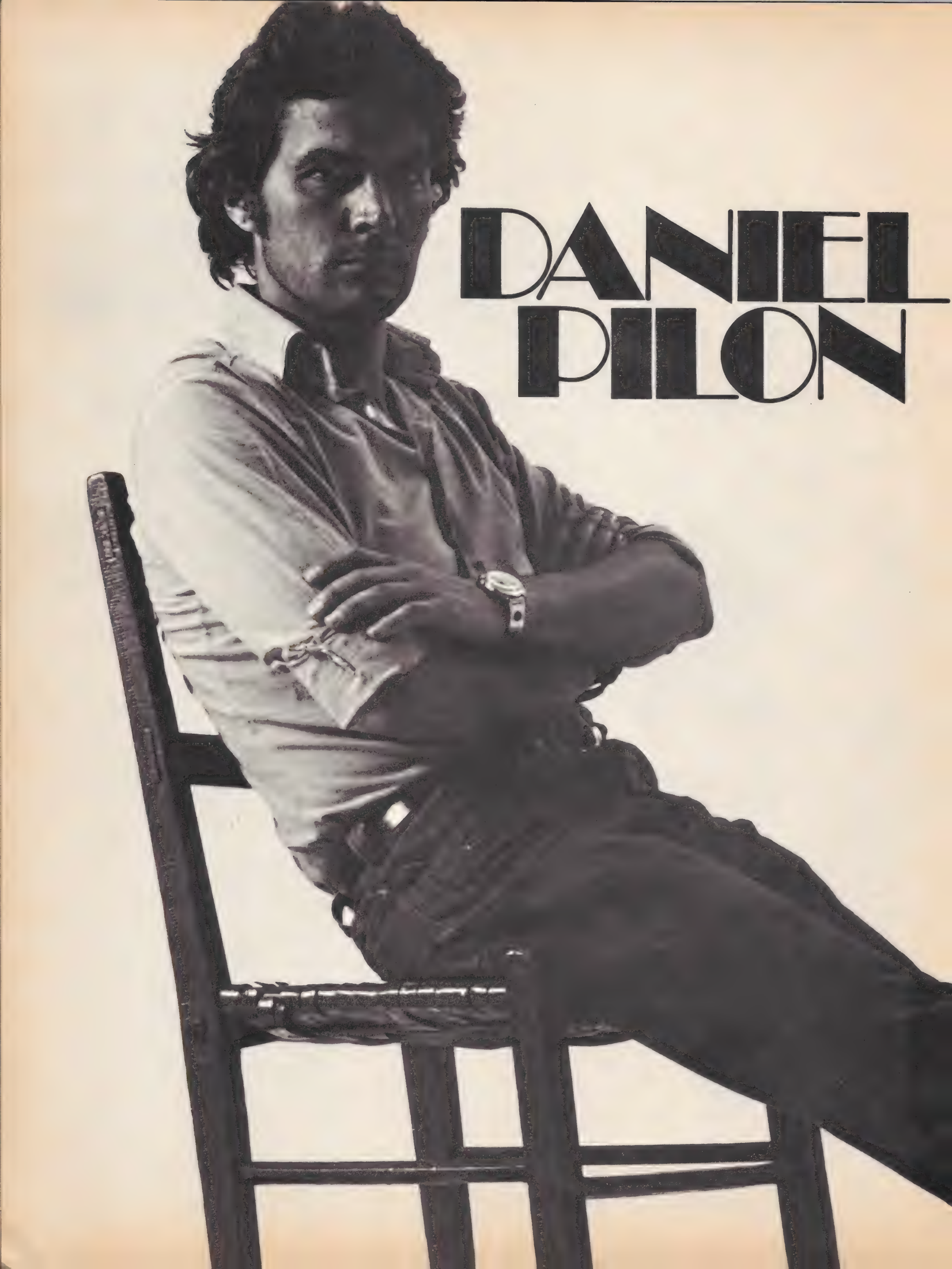
"Well, honestly, *yes,*" she said, lighting another cigarette. "I mean, not to take away anything from Fosse or my father, but Marty is better for *actors,* because he gives you a chance to improvise so much of your own feelings, your own character. He makes you such a part of it."

Scorsese was waiting for her back on the set. Shooting resumed at 2 am and the first take was a dandy. "Looked good to me," said Scorsese. "How was the sound? "

"Liza's coming in like a million bucks but Bobby's talking to himself," said the sound man unhappily.

"Okay," said Scorsese, "let's do it again." He walked over to Liza, who was towering over him in her high-heel pumps, and whispered something to her. She giggled, gave him a little hug and a kiss and got back into the cab. By 3 am they were no further ahead. "If they'd cut the barbed wire we could all go home," yawned a weary crew member. I looked to see if Sidney had left, what with another night of long hours, and then I spotted him, standing inches away from Liza, umbrella raised, comb at the ready, watching her adoringly in the rain.

George Anthony is the film critic for the Toronto Sun.


DANIEL
PILON

A nice Québécois finds himself at home in Hollywood

by Martin Malina

Hollywood — Canadian actors have been making names for themselves in Hollywood since the days of Mary Pickford. They've been emigrating to the U.S. movie capital since before World War I and the growth of television has only encouraged the talent drain. According to some estimates there may be more top Canadian stars living in the Los Angeles area than in Toronto and Vancouver combined.

Montreal, however, is a particular case. Paris has traditionally been the lure for French-Canadians but Montreal salaries are competitive with those in France, and, for linguistic and cultural reasons, Hollywood is unexplored territory. So Quebec stars, by and large, stay home.

The celebrated exception to this rule is, of course, Genevieve Bujold, whose soul may still live in Quebec but whose body is firmly ensconced in Hollywood.

Mlle Bujold now has company.

Daniel Pilon, one of the few indigenous (i.e. with no theatrical experience) stars of the Quebec cinema recently acquired U.S. residency (necessary in order to work here) and he has spent a busy spring auditioning for various film and television parts.

Daniel Pilon?

Continued on page 22

DANIEL PILON

Continued from Page 21

What's a nice Québécois . . . ?

"Well, I'm not really a nice Québécois," Pilon replies with a wry smile.

Daniel and his brother Donald both got their starts in the movies in 1967 playing the Lachapelle brothers in Gilles Carle's **Rape of a Sweet Young Girl**, but their paths have not crossed very often since.

While Donald has stayed home, Daniel has lived largely abroad. First in London, where he studied acting, then Rome, where he learned Italian doing exploitation pictures, then France (and a part in Luis Bunuel's **The Milky Way**), back to London and, since 1974, Los Angeles.

"I've always been a traveller," Pilon said. "I could never stay put in one place for very long."

Hollywood may change that habit, however.

"It's not that I love living or working here, although the weather's welcome," Pilon explained, "but this is where the action is right now."

Pilon hasn't given up on Canadian cinema.

Late last year he spent several weeks in Toronto playing Anaxi, a benign space visitor in **Alien Encounter**, the $2 million Canadian sci-fi adventure co-starring Christopher Lee and Robert Vaughn, and he was recently back in the Queen City for some English-language TV commercials (Pilon can speak English in any accent you need).

"Professionaly, Toronto has been a very hospitable place for me," Pilon said, though he still shudders at the memory of having to spend three painful hours every morning to put on the bizarre face and head make-up for his **Alien Encounter** role.

"And, of course, Montreal is still home. I have family and friends, not to mention numerous business acquaintances in Montreal."

But living in L.A. is better for his career. "You see, you can get Canadian film and television work living here, but unless you're very well established it is difficult to get work in Hollywood without being a resident."

Pilon knows. He received plenty of offers in the first two years that he was living in Los Angeles but because he had no U.S. working permit (very hard to get these days), he had to turn them all down.

Daniel Pilon as the benign space visitor in 'Alien Encounter'.

"It was frustrating," Pilon says with considerable understatement. Among the choice roles he was forced to decline was one in Hitchcock's **Family Plot** and another opposite Clint Eastwood in **The Outlaw Josey Wales.**

There might also have been some work for Batjac Productions, the company run by John Wayne's son Michael. Batjac has an option to do three films with Pilon but so far that option has not been exercised. Pilon had hoped to co-star in a John Wayne Western last February but Wayne's health forced an indefinite postponement of the project.

"It would have been a tremendous break for me," sighed Pilon. "I would have been billed just below J.W."

Pilon's acquaintance with the Waynes dates from his stint in **Brannigan** in London.

"Early in 1974," Pilon recalls, "I decided to move to Los Angeles. I was in Montreal at the time reading the trade papers and magazines like Cinéma Québec and Cinema Canada. I saw then that the local film industry was going into a recession. I also realized that I had reached the limit of what anybody who wants to be exclusively in movies can do in French Canada.

"Where should I go? England? France? Italy? I'd been to all and none of them seemed terribly promising. The only place to go was Hollywood. I could speak English well enough, I had contacts in Los Angeles and my Canadian and European track records weren't bad. I came down, got a terrific agent, John Crosby, and before I knew it I had a job . . . in London!

"I had collected excerpts from four or five films I'd made in Montreal and

put them together on a single reel, something Crosby could send to producers. He showed it to the **Brannigan** people and they asked him: 'Does your client speak English? ' So Crosby called me in Montreal and said: 'Listen. You're going to get a phone call in ten minutes. For god's sake don't answer Allo, tabernac! ' "

Pilon won the part in **Brannigan** (that of a menacing heavy) and the lasting friendship of the Waynes.

"One day at rushes, J.W. said: 'That hit man (meaning me) is going to be a goddam hit! ' And we got along famously. Those were a very happy two months in London. English sets are the best there are and the **Brannigan** one was particularly good. Everyone was friendly and helpful."

Pilon is full of anecdotes about John Wayne and he can do nearly as good an imitation of "The Duke" as Rich Little.

"It's too bad about **Blood River** (the Western that was scheduled to be shot in February)," Pilon said. "They may eventually make the film with someone like Robert Mitchum doing the John Wayne role but it won't be the same."

On the other hand, the cancellation of **Blood River** allowed Pilon the time to audition for the next television season and next month he'll co-star with Cliff Robertson ("and maybe Burt Reynolds") in a John Sturges Western entitled **Dreadnought**. "It's a nice, juicy role," Pilon reported, "and I finally get to play a good guy."

Pilon isn't alone in Los Angeles. His longtime girl friend Louise has come to live with him and she now teaches opera at the University of Southern California. It looks as if he has settled in California for the duration.

"It's nothing political," Pilon emphasizes. "I've always worked outside Quebec. And acting is an international profession."

Martin Malina is the film critic for the Montreal Star.

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THE EXORCIST II

The Heretic

Is possession nine-tenths of The Lord?

by Gordon Stoneham

So you thought little Regan MacNeil's problems were all over when, at the end of **The Exorcist**, she drove away with her mother, the demon that possessed her having finally been put to rest.

Continued on page 27

The Heretic

That exorcism ritual cost the lives of the two priests who conducted it, Father Merrin and Father Karras. But at least Regan had been saved, her innocence and tranquility restored, with the prospect of a normal life ahead of her. Or so we were led to believe from the film's final sequence.

But the enormous box-office success of **The Exorcist** (it is one of the half dozen top grossing movies of all time) made it almost mandatory to put Regan through the satanic wringer once again, and that's exactly what happens in the upcoming sequel **Exorcist II: The Heretic.**

Warner Brothers, the producing company of both the original and the sequel, justify the follow-up on a slightly loftier level.

"In life there is no final resolution," reads a studio communique. "In books and films, the words 'the end' only signify a summing up of events at a particular point in a character's life. Great characters in literature and film exist beyond the limited space between book covers or the span of two hours on the screen."

And, naturally enough, the studio hopes the large **Exorcist** audience will want to follow Regan's latest tussle with the powers of darkness.

Although several characters in **Exorcist II: The Heretic** are based on those created by William Peter Blatty in his best-selling novel and screenplay for **The Exorcist**, and there are references to events in the earlier film, both a new scenarist (William Goodhart, instead of Blatty) and a new director, John Boorman (replacing William Friedkin) are responsible for the second installment of Regan's story.

Boorman, best known for his direction of **Deliverance**, one of the most successful films of 1973, has explained his approach to the project.

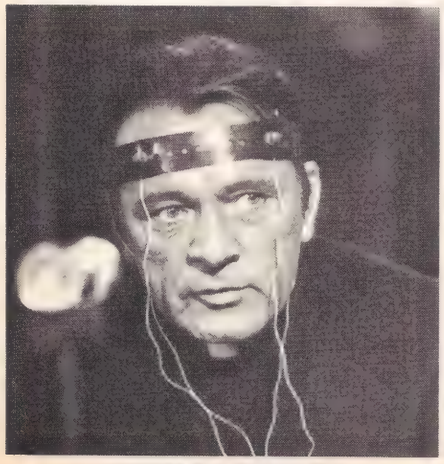
"In **The Exorcist**, Regan was possessed by an evil force, which was trying to destroy her. In **Exorcist II**, it is the forces of good and evil which are struggling for supremacy within her.

"If the force of good wins out, Regan will emerge as an extraordinary person who is herself capable of great healing powers and points the way to the future evolution of the human spirit.

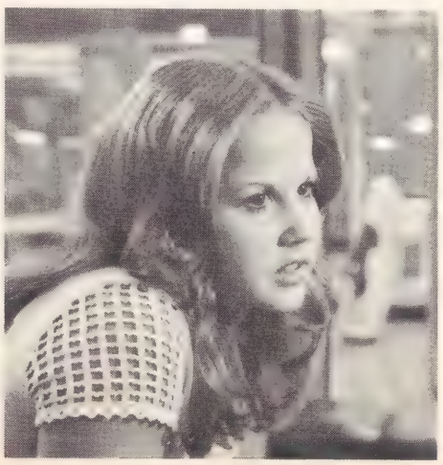
"We will be dealing with evil as a palpable force. It is not a negative thing. It is not merely omission; it is not anxieties and difficulties and misfortunes. Evil is perverse and perverting. Only if we're prepared to look it in the face and name it, can we oppose it. That's what **Exorcist II** will be saying. There is an aching need for a return to the spirit. We're coming to an end of a period of materialism, where a sense of ethics has been lost."

In **Exorcist II**, Regan is unable to remember any of the strange and terrifying events that caused her so much pain, but she is haunted by strange voices and images. She is troubled by recurrent nightmares. Yet, as she is about to leave childhood and become a woman, she is aware of an extraordinary power to perform good and to help other people. Her presence simultaneously disturbs and calms the people she meets.

At the same time, a darkening cloud of disrepute is gathering over the writings and life of the late Father Lankester Merrin, who died exorcising Regan. The words 'heresy' and 'satanism' are being linked with his name. Only if the exorcism can be verified will his name



RICHARD BURTON



LINDA BLAIR

LOUISE FLETCHER

Continued on page 28

The Heretic

Continued from Page 27

be cleared and his papers published by the Vatican. So, introduced into the proceedings is the character of Father Philip Lamont, who is sent to investigate the exorcism.

Cast in the important role of Lamont is Richard Burton, who returns to the screen following a triumphant stage appearance on Broadway in the prize-winning play **Equus**. Nominated for an Academy Award as best supporting actor for his first Hollywood film, **My Cousin Rachel**, Burton has received five other Oscar nominations as best actor for his performances in **The Robe, The Spy Who Came In From The Cold, Becket, Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?** and **Anne of the Thousand Days.**

Repeating her role of Regan will be Linda Blair, who won critical acclaim and public approval for her handling of what is probably one of the most physically and psychologically demanding parts ever written for a child actress in **The Exorcist.**

Also held over from the original cast are Kitty Winn, as the secretary of Regan's actress mother, and Max Von Sydow in his role of Father Merrin, who appears in **Exorcist II** in special flashback sequences.

Among the new faces who get involved this time around in Regan's plight Oscar winner (for **One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest)** Louise Fletcher as a psychiatrist – a role originally written for a man – who is treating Regan and fears that the exorcism has complicated her emotional problems; Ned Beatty, as an ex-priest searching for his lost belief; and the distinguished black actor James Earl Jones, playing an African who as a child had been the subject of an earlier exorcism by Father Merrin, and now possesses the secret of power over the demon who has inhabited his body.

It sounds very much like the mixture as before, then, with director Boorman promising another lively array of special effects "to make it a film that leads the audience into the unknown territory of the mind . . . and down the corridors of Hell."

Gordon Stoneham is the entertainment editor for the Ottawa Citizen.

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Warriors over troubled bridges

Supermogul Joseph E. Levine gambles $25 million on the costliest anti-war epic in history

by Jim Clements

"Roll the camera, please."

"Speed."

"Sound."

"Alright – Action! "

The grim-faced young men glance nervously at each other as the pitch of the Dakota's engines changes from the steady rumble that brought them across the English Channel to a growl that grows malevolent.

A red light above winks out and a green goes on.

The men are crouched by the door, the screaming wind beating at them, bouncing the camouflaged aircraft and whipping away their last words. And their prayers.

One by one they tumble into the dark silence below. And one by one they wait.

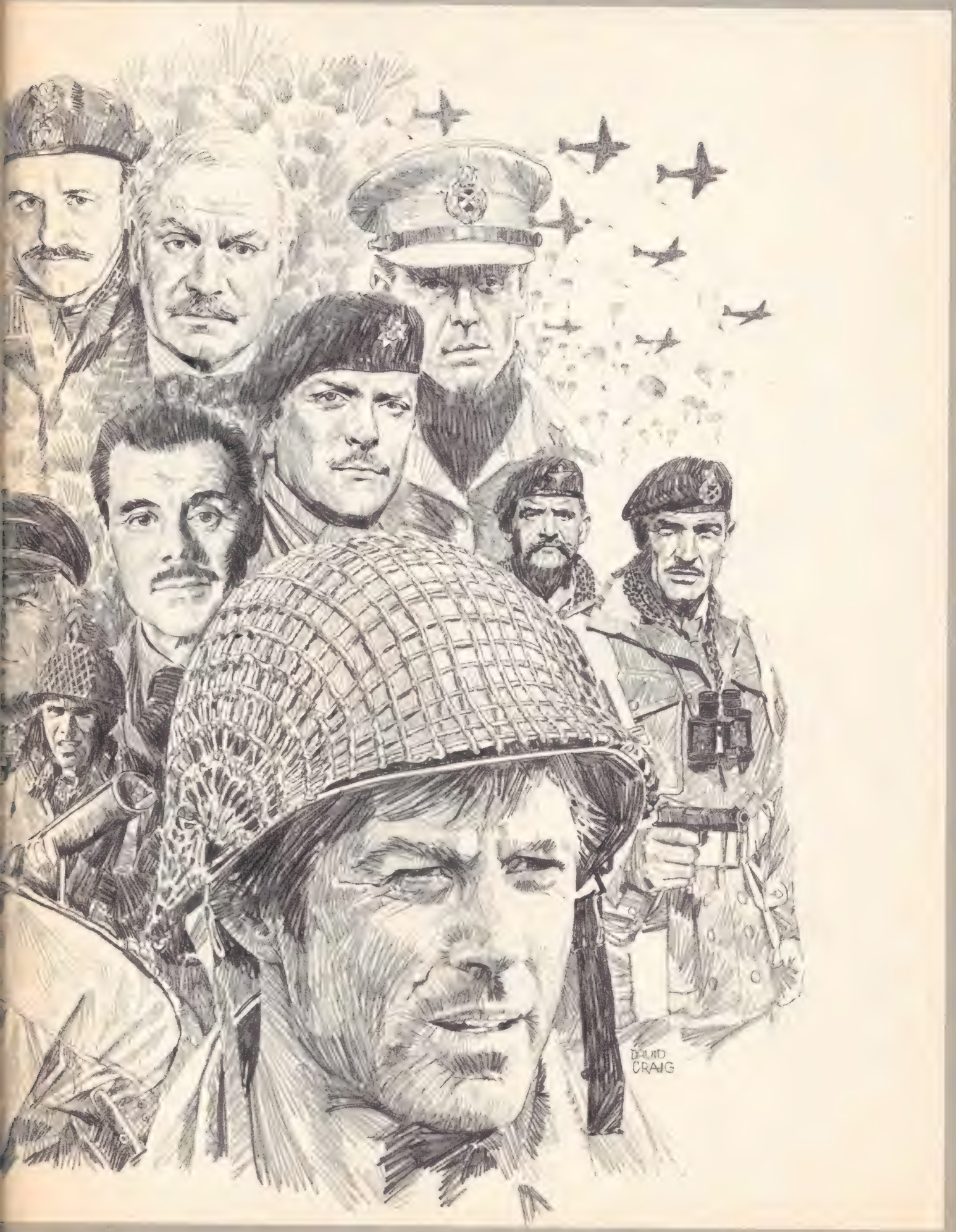
They wait for the static line to snap taut. They wait for the yards of nylon to snatch them from the farm fields they're hurtling down to. They wait for the end of their floating, fear-filled journey.

And they wait for what is waiting for them – heroism, monotony, seconds of danger that seem to drag into hours. Or a death as ignominious as any can imagine.

"Cut!

"Okay, that's a print and let's wrap it up for tonight."

Continued on page 33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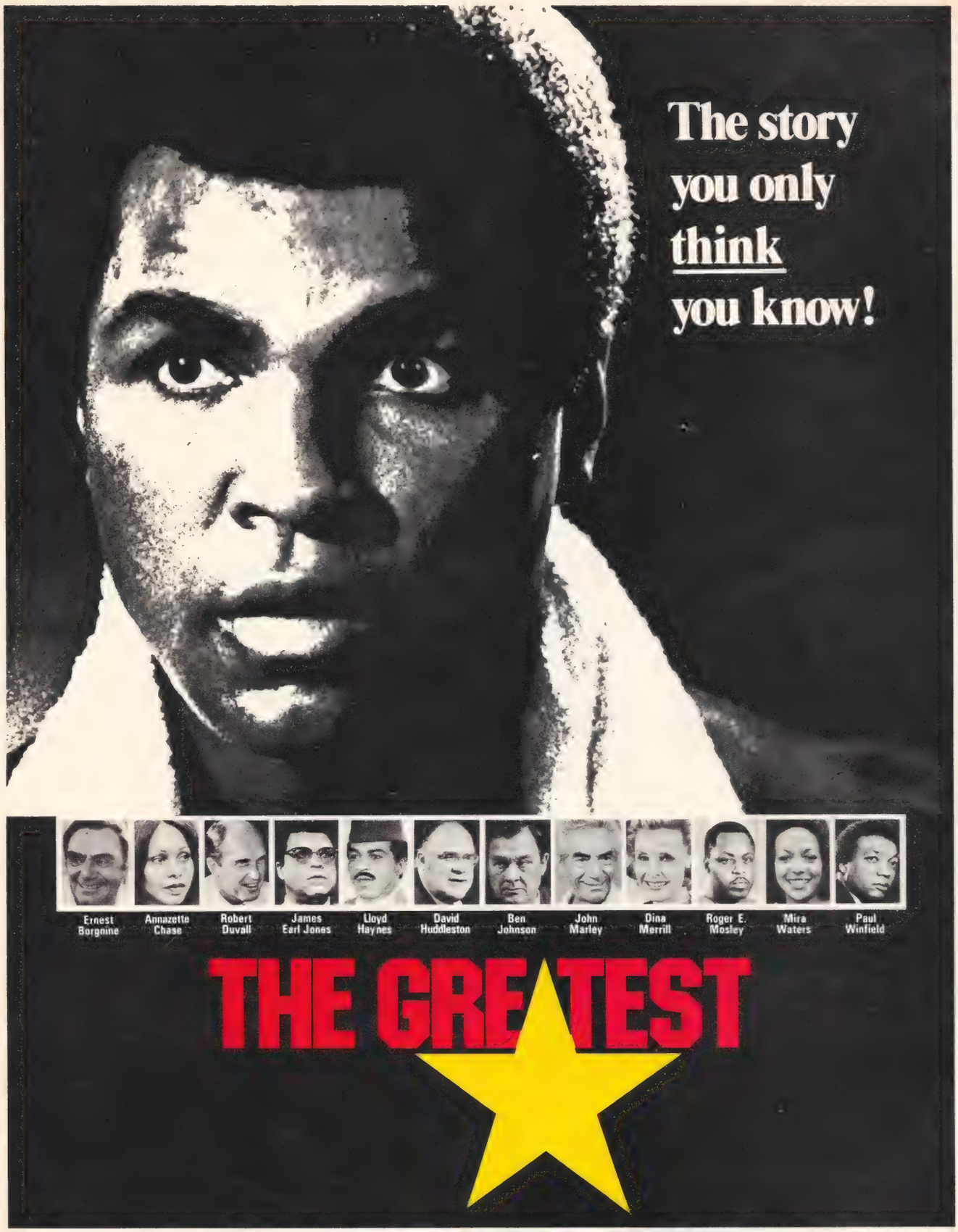

Columbia Pictures Presents **MUHAMMAD ALI** in **"THE GREATEST"**
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Special Appearances by Robert Duvall David Huddleston Ben Johnson James Earl Jones
Dina Merrill Roger E. Mosley Paul Winfield with Annazette Chase and Mira Waters
Screenplay by Ring Lardner, Jr. Based on "The Greatest: My Own Story," by Muhammad Ali, Herbert Muhammad and Richard Durham Produced by John Marshall Directed by Tom Gries

OPENING THIS MAY!

Columbia Pictures

Nine death-filled days later 18,000 young men were dead, or dying, or mutilated, or completely missing

Continued from Page 30

A scene from United Artists' **A Bridge Too Far**, and the man whose near-whispered orders have all the authority of a shout is the director, Richard Attenborough.

The set is quiet now. The cast is gone. And so is the crew.

A single bare bulb lights the plywood and plastic interior of the mock Dakota. There is no sound. And there is no action.

Wars, for the winners, are filled with grand victories. Defeats are shuffled and shortened and short-shrifted until they become footnotes in high school history texts.

But in wars even the winners lose – it just takes them longer to realize reality.

In 1944 about 35,000 U.S. and British paratroops dropped into eastern Holland. Field Marshal Montgomery's plan was bold: Grab six major bridges and shorten the war by a full year.

Nine death-filled days later the battle was lost. And 18,000 young men were dead, or dying, or mutilated, or completely missing.

'Operation Market Garden' was a military disaster.

Its crop was hidden in history until the late Cornelius Ryan, author of **The Longest Day**, reaped it.

His book, an intensive study of more than a military maneuver – of the men who were there, and the women – was an instant best seller.

It was published in 27 languages and in more than 115 editions. Since September of 1974 it has sold more than 1 million hard cover copies. And Reader's Digest carried a condensation in 26 countries.

In Holland, where the battle of Arnhem is still more than a memory, the book – thick with facts and filled with the days of folly and seconds of supreme grandeur of any great battle – outsold all books but one: 'The Bible.'

There's a standard Hollywood gag about a movie producer who's planning a film about the Second World War – with the original cast.

Meet Joseph. E. Levine, Hollywood producer.

Hardy Kruger as General Ludwig.

And meet Dirk Bogarde, original cast.

In **A Bridge Too Far** Bogarde, the British actor whose talents have been hampered for too many years by his handsomeness, plays Lt. Gen. Frederick "Boy" Browning, one of the British commanders of the devastating attack.

In the Second World War he played Dirk Bogarde, one of the British followers in the 64-mile march to Arnhem. His mission, like the 35,000 others with him, was to cross the Rhine at Arnhem. He finally did – 32 years later.

Joseph E. Levine is a tough-talking ex-newspaper boy from Boston who says he's made 492 movies. Not all of them have been memorable.

If you believe his figures, not many of them have been.

But **A Bridge Too Far** . . . well, that's different.

For one thing it was budgeted at $25 million – the most ever *budgeted* for a Hollywood production.

Oh sure, others have cost more perhaps. **Cleopatra**, for instance. But that wasn't intentional. And **A Bridge Too Far** doesn't have Elizabeth Taylor.

It does, however, have just about everyone else.

Bogarde. James Caan. Michael Caine. Sean Connery. Elliott Gould. Gene Hackman. Hardy Kruger. Sir Laurence Olivier. Ryan O'Neal. Robert Redford. Maximilian Schell. Arthur Hill.

Oh yes, and Liv Ullmann.

Staging a war – especially if it is only for the screen – is not as simple as it may seem.

Where would you go for a Dakota aircraft, that workhorse of the Second World War?

Or a Sherman tank?

"They're hard to find. Not many people have them in the family garage," says John Palmer, who has staged more wars than most nations.

"The toughest part of it was finding the Dakotas. We finally purchased four – some were being used as monuments and were all rusted from 30 years' exposure to the elements. We fixed them up and the RAF passed them as being safe enough for paratroops to jump from in the film."

Palmer is called associate producer in the credits. In the Second World War he was an infantry officer with the British Lancashire Fusiliers. Later he helped pioneer Britain's corps of battlefield filmers.

Ironically the only shots he's ever fired – thousands of them – have been on film.

To be sure his film is as authentic as possible, director Richard Attenborough invited every living commander of the ill-fated attack to his filming locations in Holland, to watch their battles again and to watch themselves three decades later.

It provided some surprises.

Maj. Gen. Robert "Roy" Urquhart had never seen Sean Connery in a movie. He told Connery he was pleased with the actor's broad Scottish brogue. He had to tone his own skirling brogue down, he said, so that his English soldiers could understand him.

Lt. Col. "Joe" Vandeleur, commander of the Irish Guards tank unit that led the ground assault that halted one bridge short of Germany, liked Michael Caine's portrayal of him – with one exception.

Continued on page 34

'Operation Market Garden' was a military disaster

(top) Lt General Frederick Browning (Dirk Bogarde, right) had his greatest embarassment of the campaign facing General "Roy" Urquhart (Sean Connery, right), commander of the 1st Airborne Division that was nearly annihilated at Arnhem. (above, left) Maximilian Schell as Lt General Wilhelm Bittrick. (above, right) James Caan as Staff Sergeant Eddie Dohum.

Continued from Page 33

"I never wore a green scarf," he sniffed after one scene. "Never liked the color."

And Maj. Gen. John Frost – a Lt. Col. during the actual battle – had some sound military advice for Anthony Hopkins.

After Hopkins sprinted across a street under mock German gunfire, Frost suggested that he take the trip more slowly in the next attempt.

"I'm running too fast?" Hopkins, who was supposed to be dodging a hail of fire from a German armored attack, asked.

"Yes," said Frost. "You see, you have to show the Germans and your own men your contempt for the danger."

An army travels on its stomach, whether it is recruited to fight the Second World War, or just to film one battle.

The five mobile kitchens that fed the army of actors in **A Bridge Too Far** served as many as 2,000 meals a day – 260 pounds of potatoes, 1,000 bread rolls, 240 pounds of meat, 180 pounds of salads and vegetables and 100 gallons of hot and cold drinks.

In the eight months of filming the cast and crew used up more than 3,800 pounds of tea and nearly 1,000 pounds of coffee.

It's dawn, another location for another scene, still in Holland.

The yawning extras cross a bridge to the steaming containers of coffee and tea that are already set up. They mingle, British generals, American sergeants and German enlisted men, until a small man, meticulously dressed, walks over to them.

"Shall we go, then," Attenborough asks.

The bridge they strolled over so casually is in Deventer, about 60 miles from Amsterdam. But today it is in Arnhem, across the Rhine from Germany.

And, for the Allies, it is one **Bridge Too Far.**

***Jim Clements** is a staff writer for the Hamilton Spectator.*

IS IT A PHANTOM, A DEMON, OR THE DEVIL HIMSELF?

There's nowhere to turn, nowhere to hide, no way to stop...

THE CAR

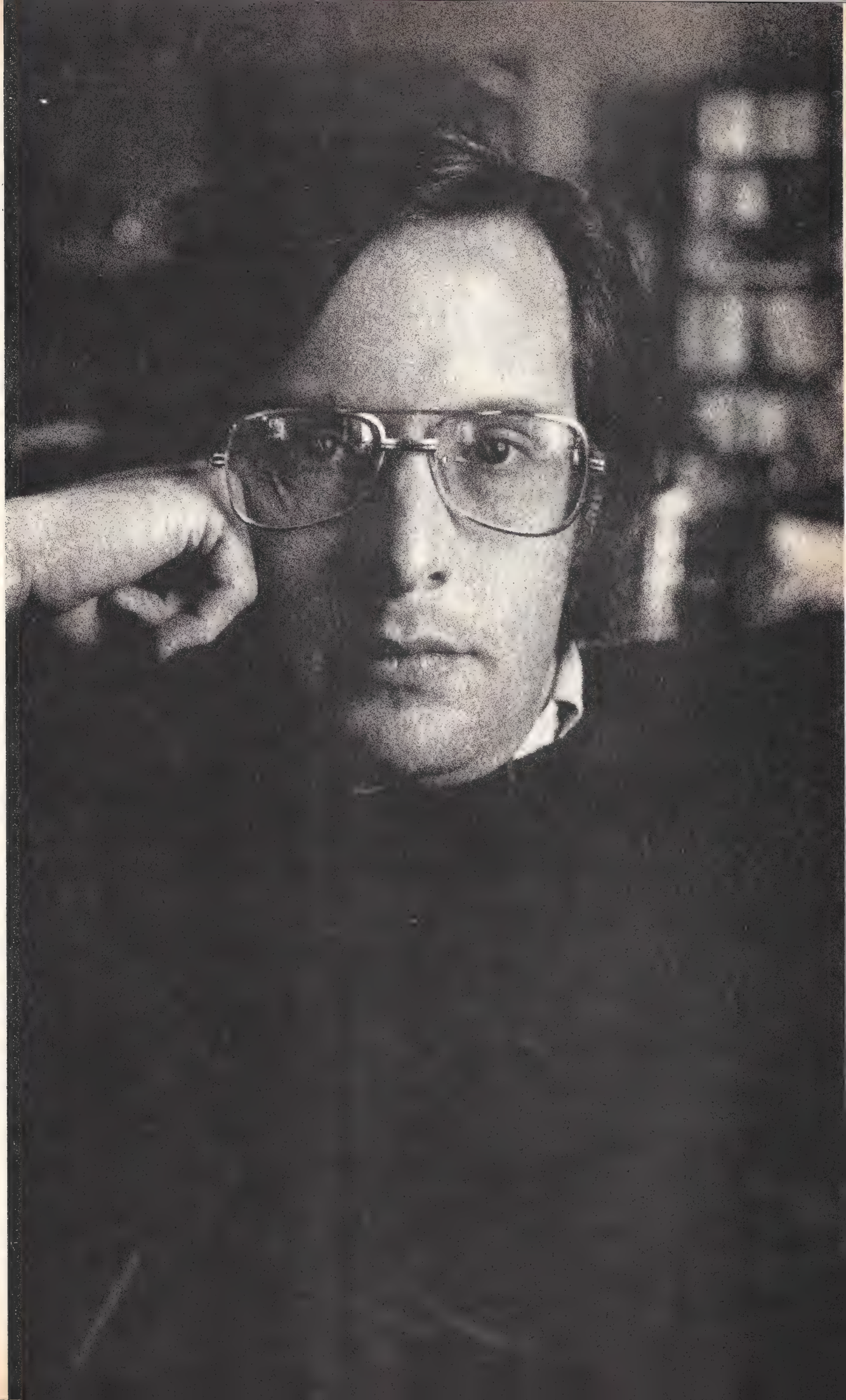
UNIVERSAL PICTURES Presents

THE CAR Starring JAMES BROLIN, KATHLEEN LLOYD, JOHN MARLEY, ELIZABETH THOMPSON and RONNY COX

Screenplay by DENNIS SHRYACK & MICHAEL BUTLER and LANE SLATE Story by DENNIS SHRYACK & MICHAEL BUTLER

Music by LEONARD ROSENMAN Directed by ELLIOT SILVERSTEIN Produced by MARVIN BIRDT and ELLIOT SILVERSTEIN

CHECK NEWSPAPERS FOR A THEATRE NEAR YOU



by Clyde Gilmour

WILLIAM FRIEDKIN

William Friedkin, a deadly enemy of audience boredom in movie theatres, is hoping for his third consecutive box-office smasheroo in **Sorcerer**, due for release this summer. His two previous hits were **The French Connection** and **The Exorcist.**

The Oscar-winning American director is a lean, brown-haired six-footer whose shrewd blue eyes peer amiably at the world through wire-framed glasses. He will be 38 on Aug. 29. His actress wife is the famous Jeanne Moreau, the Bette Davis of France.

Sorcerer, coming as it does from the man who cleaned up with **The Exorcist**, sounds like another of those Satanpix about diabolical possession. But it isn't. The characters in the story undergo hellish ordeals, yet there's not a real devil to be seen. Sorcerer is the name of one of two trucks in which four down-and-out adventurers are trying to transport a lethal cargo of nitroglycerine 200 miles over primitive mountain roads in Latin America. Any bad jolt will blow up the ultra-explosive liquid. Sudden death awaits the four truckers at every twist of the trail.

If that much of a plot outline rings a familiar bell with movie fans who are no longer teenagers, there's a good reason. **Sorcerer** is a remake of **The Wages of Fear** (Le Salaire de la Peur), a spine-tingling action-and-suspense melodrama filmed in 1953. It was a French-Italian co-production written and directed by France's Henri-Georges Clouzot, who died last January at the age of 69.

Clouzot's screenplay was based on a novel by Georges Arnaud. The four lip-biting, nail-chewing adventurers were played by Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Peter van Eyck and Folco Lulli.

The revised and updated scenario at Friedkin's disposal for **Sorcerer** was written by Walon Green. (In '69 he and director Sam Peckinpah jointly scripted **The Wild Bunch.**) The four actors portraying the jeopardized truckers might almost have been chosen by a United Nations committee. They are Roy Scheider from the United States, Bruno Cremer from France, Francisco Rabal from Spain, and a Moroccan who uses the single name of Amidou.

Only one of these four has a name

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with box-office high voltage on a marquee. Roy Schneider was Dustin Hoffman's mysterious, ill-fated brother in **Marathon Man** and the beach-resort police chief in that prosperous shark-opera, **Jaws.** Before that he was Gene Hackman's drug-squad sidekick in Friedkin's **French Connection.** The fast-rising Scheider is a communicative actor with a low-key Bogartian charisma.

I haven't yet seen **Sorcerer** at this writing, but the advance word on it indicates that the story-line has been modernized in more ways than one. The Arab-Israeli tensions of the '70s are in the backgrounds of two of the characters. And inflation has taken its toll – twice. Friedkin's film will cost many times as much money as Clouzot's did 24 years ago. In **The Wages of Fear,** each trucker was offered $2,000 cash to deliver the nitro safely in time to let it be used in fighting an oilfield fire. In **Sorcerer** the fee is $10,000.

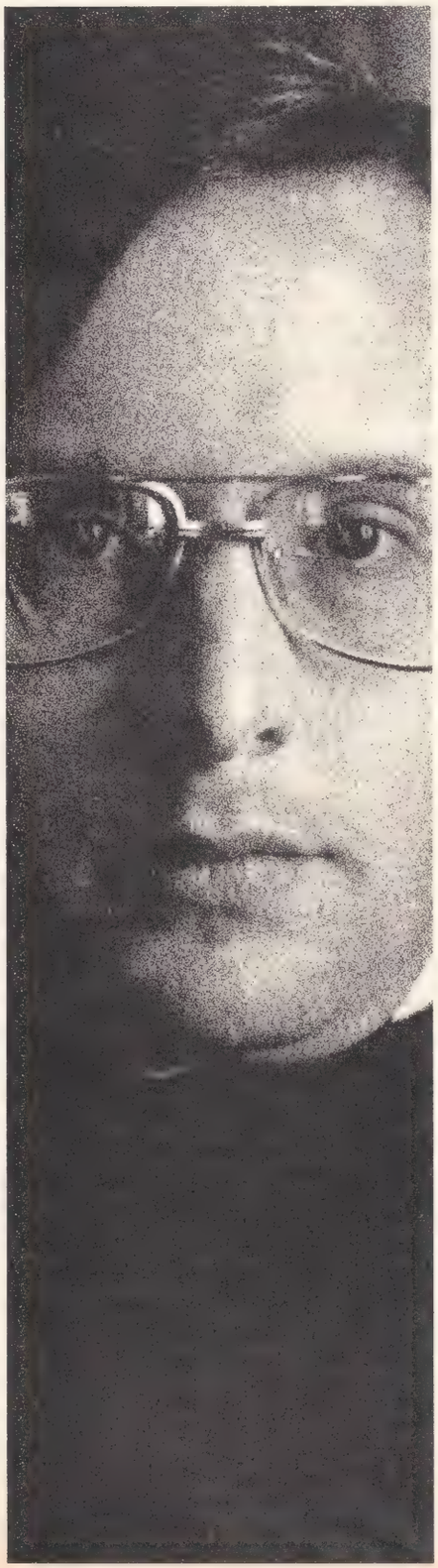
In an unusual two-studio collaboration, Friedkin's latest opus will be distributed by Paramount in Canada and the eastern United States and by Universal in the rest of the U.S.

If it clicks at the box office to the extent that its backers are wagering, **Sorcerer** will magnify the solid status of earnest, blunt-spoken "Billy" Friedkin as one of the most reliable and professional younger film-makers in the business. He has been, in a way, an Old Pro all his life.

The future director was born in Chicago in 1939. His father was in retail clothing. Billy became an obsessive moviegoer in his pre-teens. At high school he did better at basketball than at academic studies. He never got to university. At 16 he broke into showbiz as a mailroom boy in a Chicago television studio. Within six months he became a floor manager, and soon after that he was directing live TV shows and commercials.

Friedkin was already an award-winning TV veteran when he directed his first theatrical movie in early '67 at the age of 27. It was **Good Times,** a pop musical starring Sonny and Cher.

"I try consciously to give an audience a movie that won't leave them bored."



Since then, the serious-minded but exuberant and unstuffy Friedkin has specialized in versatility. No two of his films have ever resembled each other in style, mood or subject.

The Night They Raided Minsky's ('68) was a nostalgic comedy about the great days of burlesque, with Jason Robards, Bert Lahr and Britt Ekland. In the same year came **The Birthday Party,** with Robert Shaw and Donald Pleasence in Harold Pinter's intense, allegorical drama. Then came **The Boys in the Band,** a sensitive but robust 1970 tragi-comedy about homosexuals.

All these, however, were minor-league apprentice pieces when measured against Friedkin's 1971 blockbuster, **The French Connection.** The script by Ernest Tidyman, a former New York Times crime reporter, was based on a factual book by Robin Moore about one of the biggest narcotics hauls in American police history.

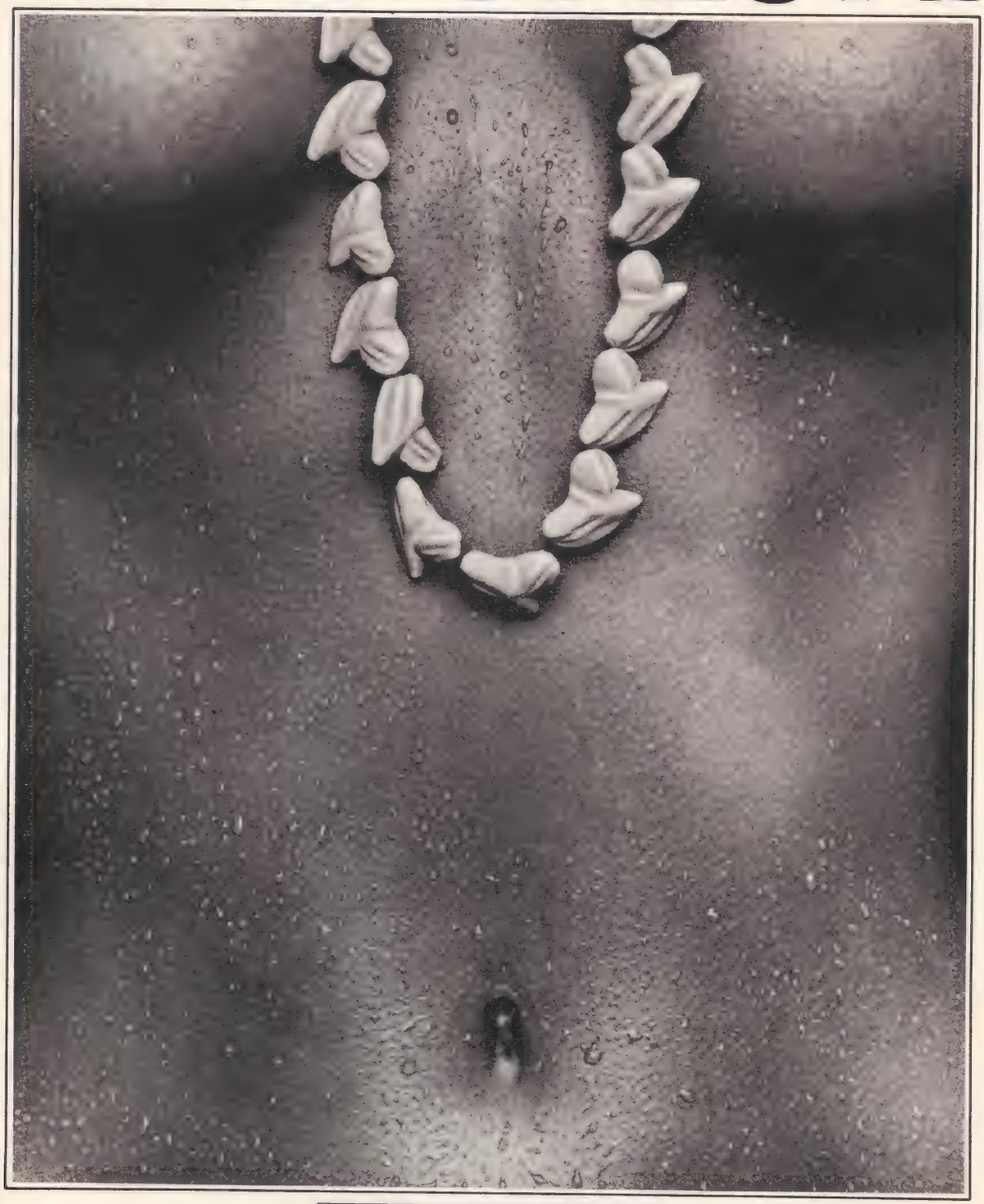
Gene Hackman's pulse-pounding car-chase after a speeding elevated train became an instant classic in the all-time genre of movie thrillers. **French Connection** won five Academy Awards, including the best-picture trophy and one to Friedkin as best director.

It also made Billy Friedkin a rich man. Later his fortune was compounded over and over with the success of his next smasher, 1973's **The Exorcist,** based on the William Peter Blatty novel about a devil under the skin of a gentle little girl. Now comes **Sorcerer.**

Says director Friedkin with the air of a man enjoying life: "I try consciously to give an audience a movie that won't leave them bored. Movies ought to make people laugh or cry or be scared. This is an exciting time to be alive. I'm a storyteller, and there's no end of wonderful stories to tell. I can't think of anything else in the world I'd rather do."

***Clyde Gilmour** is the film critic for the Toronto Star and host of "Gilmour's Albums" on CBC Radio.*

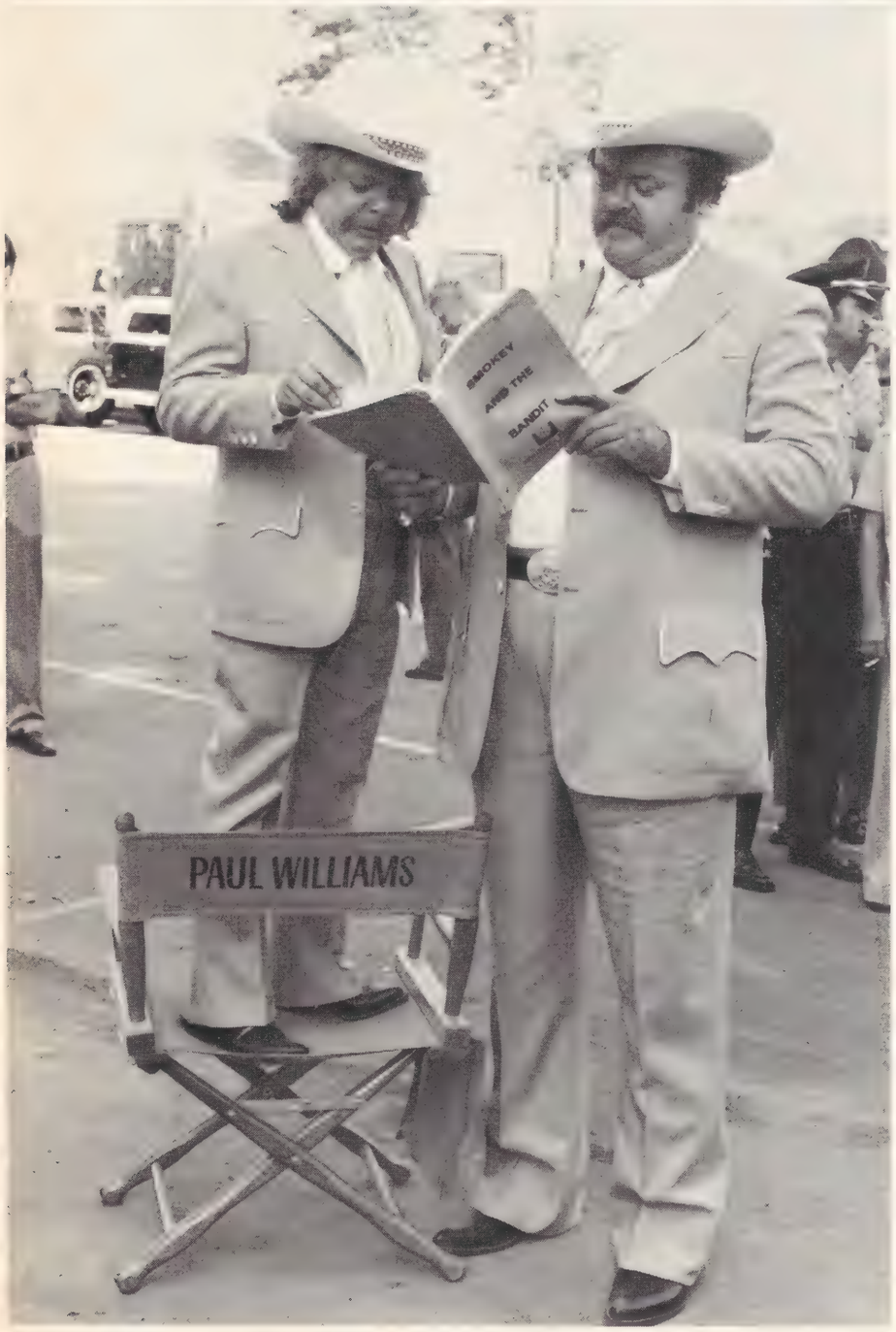
HEDONISM*



***he·dən·ism**, n, pleasure-seeking as a way of life in a hidden Eden in the Caribbean. Find it in Unitours Negril Village.

Like Club Med, it includes scuba, sailing, water-skiing, horseback riding, tennis, and an orgy of food and wine for one inclusive price. Your currency is shark teeth.

Unitours Negril Village. Around 1,200 shark teeth. Your travel agent knows.



TALL STORY:

When two entertainment giants get together, one of them may need a boost. Oscar-winning composer Paul Williams was doing an acting stint in Burt Reynolds' new comedy **Smokey And The Bandit**, when he felt the need to consult veteran comic Pat McCormick about the next scene – and our enterprising photographer captured their conference for posterity.

PULLING DOWN THE SHADES:

The lady giving **Bobby Deerfield** star Al Pacino the eye is his leading lady Marthe Keller, who has somehow managed to walk off with four of the juiciest roles for women in years. Keller hit Hollywood as the loveliest conspirator trapping Dustin Hoffman in **Marathon Man**, and almost got Bruce Dern to massacre 85,000 Super Bowl fans in **Black Sunday** before director Billy Wilder announced she would star as the 'Garbo character' in his film version of Tom Tryon's **Fedora**. Unlike Garbo, however, actress Keller does not want to be alone, and insiders say that her love scenes with Pacino continued long after **Bobby Deerfield** was completed.

HEAD SHOT:

After seeing Robby Benson's stunning performance in **Ode To Billy Joe**, Warner Bros. decided to back Benson's own screen play, **One On One**, all about a basketball player who has to stretch himself physically and psychologically to make the team. Eager-beaver Benson is so keen on giving the movie fan a close-up view of the game that he's even strapping a camera to his head, and studio executives who have seen the rushes are hoping they have another **Rocky** on their hands.

ON LOCATION

WHO GETS TO PIROUETTE?

If Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine look surprised by what director Herb Ross is telling them, audiences may share their wonderment when they see their new drama, **The Turning Point**. Dancer MacLaine, whose high kicks have made her one of the hottest stage attractions in America and Europe, plays a housewife who doesn't want her teenage daughter to join the ballet. And actress Bancroft, who loves being a housewife in private life, plays the prima ballerina who comes between mother and daughter.

BEST FOOT FORWARD:

Notice anything unusual about this picture? Yes, Marty Feldman fans, you've guessed it – Marty is smoking again, despite the fact that he gave up the nasty habit six months ago and swore he had *kicked* it for good. Blame it on the pressures of writing, directing and starring in **The Last Remake of Beau Geste.**

by Brian Perry

ROLLERCOASTER

Ups and Downs in Sensurround

One of the governing rules of film-making is that when you latch onto a successful formula and push it for all its worth, it can often turn into a fortune at the box-office.

With Universal's new film **Rollercoaster**, the formula works in what perhaps might be called double jeopardy. **Rollercoaster** is the third film to utilize that rumbling technique known as Sensurround, a technique wherein the spectator in the theatre can actually feel the action as well as merely watching it on the screen.

Earthquake was the first picture to use Sensurround. It's a safe bet that, without it, the movie would not have taken in the spectacular profits that it did.

Midway, last year's multi-million dollar World War II epic, used Sensurround to much the same effect and it, too, attracted a long line-up of eager patrons waiting anxiously to be shaken out of their seats.

Some may dismiss the whole Sensurround phenomenon as a gimmick designed for the sole purpose of luring patrons into the theatre, not improving or extending the quality of the

story being presented on the screen. But whatever its purpose, Sensurround is paying off very handsomely for the folks in Hollywood.

Rollercoaster has much in common with traditional disaster epics – **Airport** (choose your own year), **Earthquake**, **Towering Inferno**, **Poseidon Adventure**, ad infinitum.

For one thing, the budget is big, and so are the names of the cast. **Rollercoaster** boasts George Segal, Timothy Bottoms, Henry Fonda, Richard Widmark, Harry Guardino and Susan Strasberg.

TV-trained director James Goldstone (who made last year's successful **Swashbuckler**) was at the helm, working again with producer Jennings Lang.

Rollercoaster concerns, briefly, the attempts of a cool young criminal mastermind to extort enormous sums of money from amusement parks. He's already blown up one rollercoaster filled with innocent people, and threatens to continue to do so unless he's paid the sum of one million dollars.

On the surface, it would seem that **Rollercoaster** seems to fit the Disaster Film genre, but director Goldstone denies this in the strongest possible terms.

"It's a suspense thriller, not a disaster film," he insists. "It's in the tradition of Alfred Hitchcock or Carol Reed, with an innocent man drawn into the middle of a dangerous situation."

The innocent man in this case is George Segal, playing a safety inspector who is suddenly plummeted into the center of the conflict.

The casting of Segal and Bottoms was crucial to producer Lang. "The tendency to use traditional heavies and traditional heroes in films these days is very dangerous," he said.

If **Rollercoaster** had been in hands other then Lang's, it might be fair to assume that the hero perhaps might be played by steely-eyed Charlton Hes-

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ton, with the role of the killer given over to, say, Bruce Dern or someone equally threatening.

According to Lang, he tried to increase the intensity of the picture by not making the hero an utterly invincible superman in the Clint Eastwood mold.

The Segal character is someone who everyone can identify with; he's the average, hard-working, American middle-class Joe who suddenly finds himself trying to cope with a desperate situation the best way he knows how. Eastwood is guaranteed to come out on top; there's no way he can lose. With Segal, there is no such guarantee.

Likewise, the choice of Timothy Bottoms as the killer – a character listed in the official credits only as Young Man – is deceptively offbeat casting. Bottoms has perfected the shy, sensitive youth bit in films like Peter Bogdanovich's **The Last Picture Show**, Alan Pakula's **Love And Pain And The Whole Damn Thing** and Dalton Trumbo's **Johnny Got His Gun.**

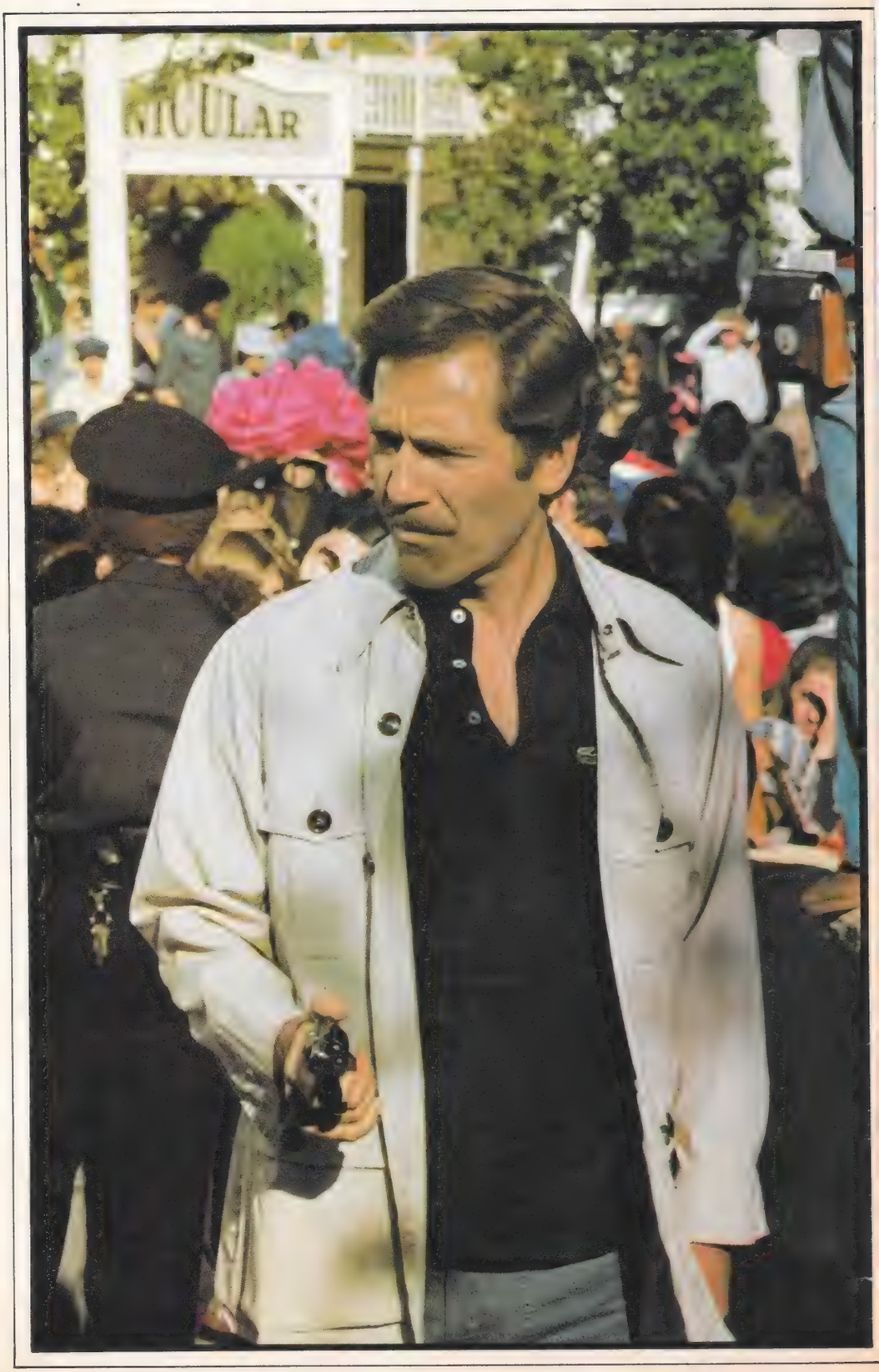
Director Goldstone feels that the casting of Bottoms as the psychotic is entirely justified. "It's intriguing when a cool killer looks like the good guy," said the director. "He could be the all-American boy if it weren't for the fact that he likes extorting money and killing people."

Bottoms plays the killer as an intelligent, well-educated, soft-spoken maniac, a cool, business-like man with a job to do. He's anxious to attain the American Dream, and the fact that a few innocent people may perish in the process doesn't really matter.

"The character I play is very careful, very precise," said Bottoms. "He knows exactly what he wants and is not emotional in any way. I've played my other screen parts from the heart, but this one was totally detached.

"He doesn't enjoy killing; he doesn't stand around watching it. If he could accomplish what he's trying to do without killing, he would do it. In fact, even *talking* about killing is painful for him.

"His standard is a million dollars.



George Segal admits that he is playing second fiddle to the 'rollercoaster'.

Everyone wants to make a million dollars, so that's why he asks for it. He may have been smarter to ask for ten million dollars but, as he eventually finds out, nobody's perfect."

As well as Bottoms and Segal, two of the screen's most durable veterans appear in supporting roles – Richard Widmark as an FBI agent and Henry Fonda as Segal's employer.

The actors involved, however, have no hesitation in admitting that, despite their eminence and solid reputations in the film industry, they play second fiddle to the real star of the movie – the *rollercoaster.*

Segal, for one, had no objections about playing second banana to a machine. "It was one hell of a script and, besides, I get paid for riding around from amusement park to amusement park."

One particular sequence in the picture – calling for 24 people to be destroyed when a bomb explodes and the rollercoaster flies through the air, toppling to the park below – put two stuntmen in the hospital; all the stunt people involved (the injured and the uninjured) readily admit that the scene was perhaps the most difficult of its type ever undertaken in a motion picture.

"When the rollercoaster plunged from the tracks and into the building, five stuntmen sailed through the air – two further than they had planned. "It was a freak accident," said Jodie David, who suffered a compressed vertebra. "The hardest stunt I ever did." Another technician suffered a fractured pelvis.

Both Segal and Goldstone admit that, although they believe **Rollercoaster** to be both frightening and exciting, it's not a movie that children, even younger ones, should be excluded from.

"Since it takes place in an amusement park, kids should like it," said Segal. "It's kind of fun when your stomach drops out on the rollercoaster."

Goldstone elaborated: "So far, I have never made a picture that I would not want my children – or anybody's children – to see." (His previous credits include **A Man Called Gannon, Winning, Red Sky at Morning, The Gang Who Couldn't Shoot Straight** and **They Only Kill Their Masters**).

Timothy Bottoms as the extortionist.

Further to that, the director believes that the *way* a particular subject matter is handled by the director and writer often indicates its suitability for a given audience.

"**Rollercoaster** is a thriller, but it doesn't contain blood and severed limbs. It's certainly a moral picture in that the spectator does not feel that things are hopeless or cursed. It's resolved on an emotional as well as an adult level."

Writers William Link and Richard Levinson – noted for television's 'Columbo' series – applied what they like to call "the Columbo formula" for their screenplay concept of **Rollercoaster** – "a brilliant villain getting away with the perfect crime until the hero wins."

"The thing that first interested us about the film is the 'park' theme. They have all their origins in Disneyland, and are an enormous business, more profitable than films, spectator sports and maybe even the music business. And nobody has ever used those themes as the backdrop for a movie before."

The writers insist that they didn't want a **Grand Hotel** on a rollercoaster – "the whole disaster thing," as Link prefers to call it. "We didn't want to do the blind nun or the terminally ill songwriter" – the hackneyed cliches that are so often used in the Disaster genre, the characters that provoke laughter rather than empathy or plausibility.

Producer Jennings Lang was initially concerned that **Rollercoaster** perhaps might inspire others to commit similar violence. Everyone knows that numerous clever schemes and acts in suspense thrillers have been imitated, leading many to call for the banning or restriction of such films – a debate that still ranges on with equal vehemence on both sides.

The people involved with **Rollercoaster**, however, believe that their product is not instructional, or a how-to-do film; if anything, according to Goldstone, it will discourage violent acts, in that the premise of the movie is dedicated to the premise that the criminal does not succeed and is punished in the end.

Whatever its eventual outcome and influence, the creators of **Rollercoaster** believe that their movie should not be taken as a heavy commentary on urban violence or the psychology of the criminal mind, but, rather, as pure escapist fare. "Our primary goal, when we began, was to make as good an entertainment film as possible," said co-writer Link. "Everything else is secondary."

And it's a safe bet that a good portion of the ticket-buying public will be more than willing to – once again – spend their money to be shaken out of their seats.

Brian Perry is a film critic, often reviewing for the Toronto Star.

NOW PLAYING

THE EAGLE HAS LANDED

Starring: Michael Caine, Donald Sutherland, Robert Duvall, Jenny Agutter, Donald Pleasence and Anthony Quayle.

For once the Germans are good guys (well, some of them) in this fast paced, action movie taken from the best seller. Caine is the German commando (good guys) whose innate decency gets in the way of a plot by the Germany High Command (bad guys) to capture Churchill. Sutherland convincing as the Irishman at war with the British Empire, but not the British people. Jenny Agutter in another smaller than life performance as the girl who's at war with her love for Sutherland. Kids of all ages will love it.

THE SLIPPER AND THE ROSE

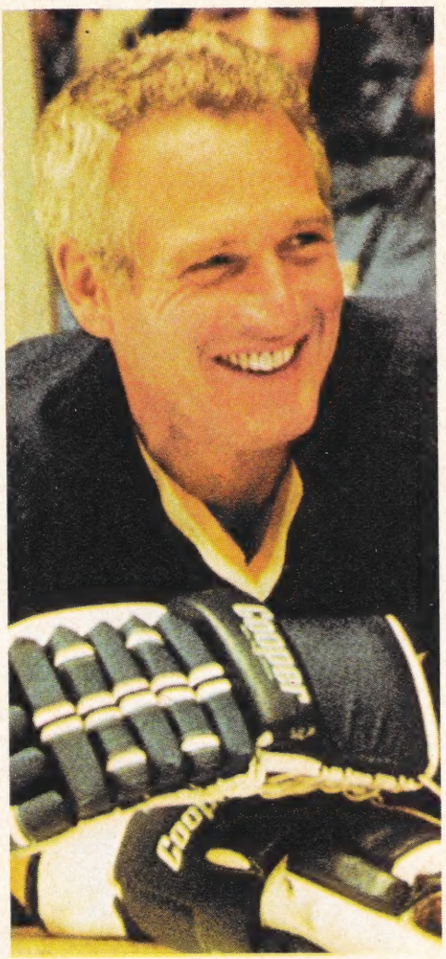
Starring: Richard Chamberlain, Annette Crosbie, Dame Edith Evans, Margaret Lockwood, Kenneth Moore and introducing Gemma Craven.

Walt Disney did the cartoon version of Cinderella, and now director Bryan Forbes uses live actors. Gorgeous settings, a believable cast – if you cry easily, take lots of Kleenex. Annette Crosbie in particular is a convincing and overworked Fairy Godmother, who is a little tired of jokes about her profession. Richard Chamberlain again proves that looks and talent do go together.

RAGTIME SUMMER

Starring: David Warner, Honor Blackman, Trudy Young, Cec Linder and Tim Henry.

If old soldiers fade away, conscientious objectors come to Canada. Warner as the World War I pacifist now teaching in a Canadian private school. It seems that the excitement of the Twenties would pass the school by, until his secret is discovered. Honor Blackman is Warner's mistress, loves him for his body. Trudy Young as the headmaster's (Cec Linder) daughter who loves Warner for himself. As much a portrayal of rural Ontario in the Twenties as a movie about a man's attempt to live with his own ideals.



SLAPSHOT

Starring: Paul Newman, Michael Ontkean, Lindsay Crouse, Jennifer Warren, Jerry Houser and Strother Martin.

Does the same thing for hockey as **Network** did for television: exposes the insanities, the violence, and the humour. Paul Newman excels as the player-coach of a bush league team, as intent on scoring with his players' wives as he is on the opposing net. But with all that, a movie that has as much appeal for the women in the audience – due in large part to the fact that a woman wrote the script, cuss words and all.

DEMON SEED

Starring: Julie Christie, Fritz Weaver and Gerrit Graham.

An imaginative look at the near future, a time when man's importance is minimized and computers equipped with "superbrains" become the masters. The plot specifically concerns one such machine, Proteus IV, which holds the sum total of the world's knowledge. When this computer insists on making its own decisions, the results are both absorbing and frighteningly plausible.

AUDREY ROSE

Starring: Marsha Mason, Anthony Hopkins, John Beck and introducing Susan Swift.

You are one big happy family, until a total stranger claims that your twelve-year-old daughter is really the re-incarnation of his little girl, who was burnt to death in a car crash. The film's unsettling premise is that a soul can be reborn at almost the instant of its physical death. It is a nightmare that is further complicated by the deceased soul returning to a human body before its allotted time.

AIRPORT '77

Starring: Jack Lemmon, Lee Grant, Brenda Vaccaro, Olivia de Havilland, Joseph Cotton, Darren McGavin, George Kennedy and James Stewart.

Take a lavishly appointed, privately owned 747 jumbo jet. Load the plush air ship with a cargo of priceless art treasures, people it with a gathering of glamorous jet-setters, then crash it into the waters of the notorious Bermuda Triangle and you may have one of the most harrowing airborne adventure stories ever put on film. Derived from Arthur Hailey's best-selling novel, *Airport*, the new tale is not a sequel, rather, it offers a totally original cast of characters facing new perils.

BLACK SUNDAY

Starring: Robert Shaw, Bruce Dern and Marthe Keller.

This Robert (*Marathon Man*) Evans production of Thomas Harris' best selling novel traces the various paths of a fiercely determined group of terrorists, from Lebanon, North Vietnam and Los Angeles to the sunlight of football happy Miami. It is a contemporary thriller about an extraordinary plot to blow up the annual Super Bowl game where 85,000 spectators, including the President of the United States, are in attendance. The film will attempt to transcend the usual thin veneer of super-scale movies and explore how and why the fascinating characters made it all happen.

Where there's action, there's...

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